



Fourth Annual Commencement

OF

Analay Union High School

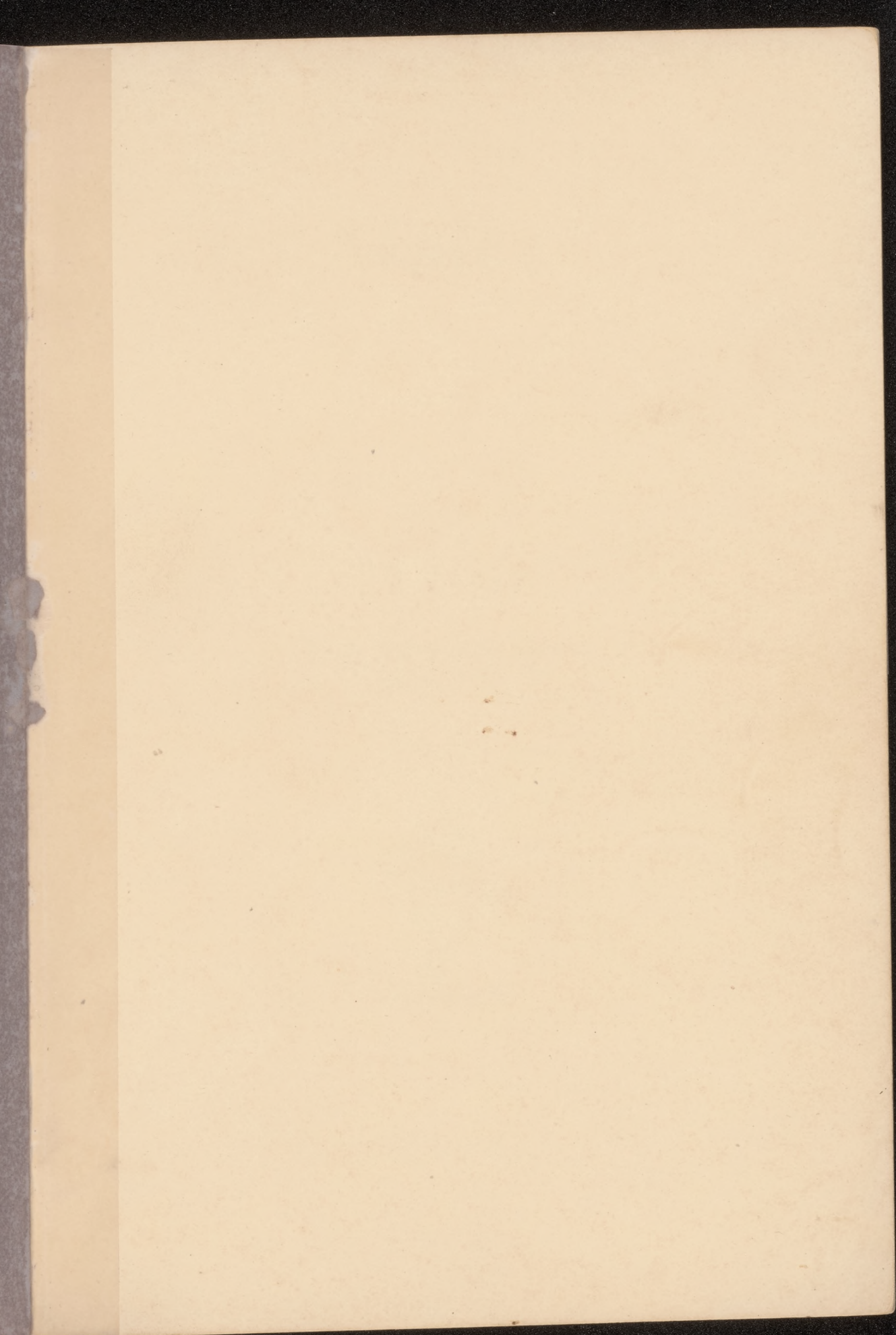
ASSEMBLY HALL, JUNE 13, 1913

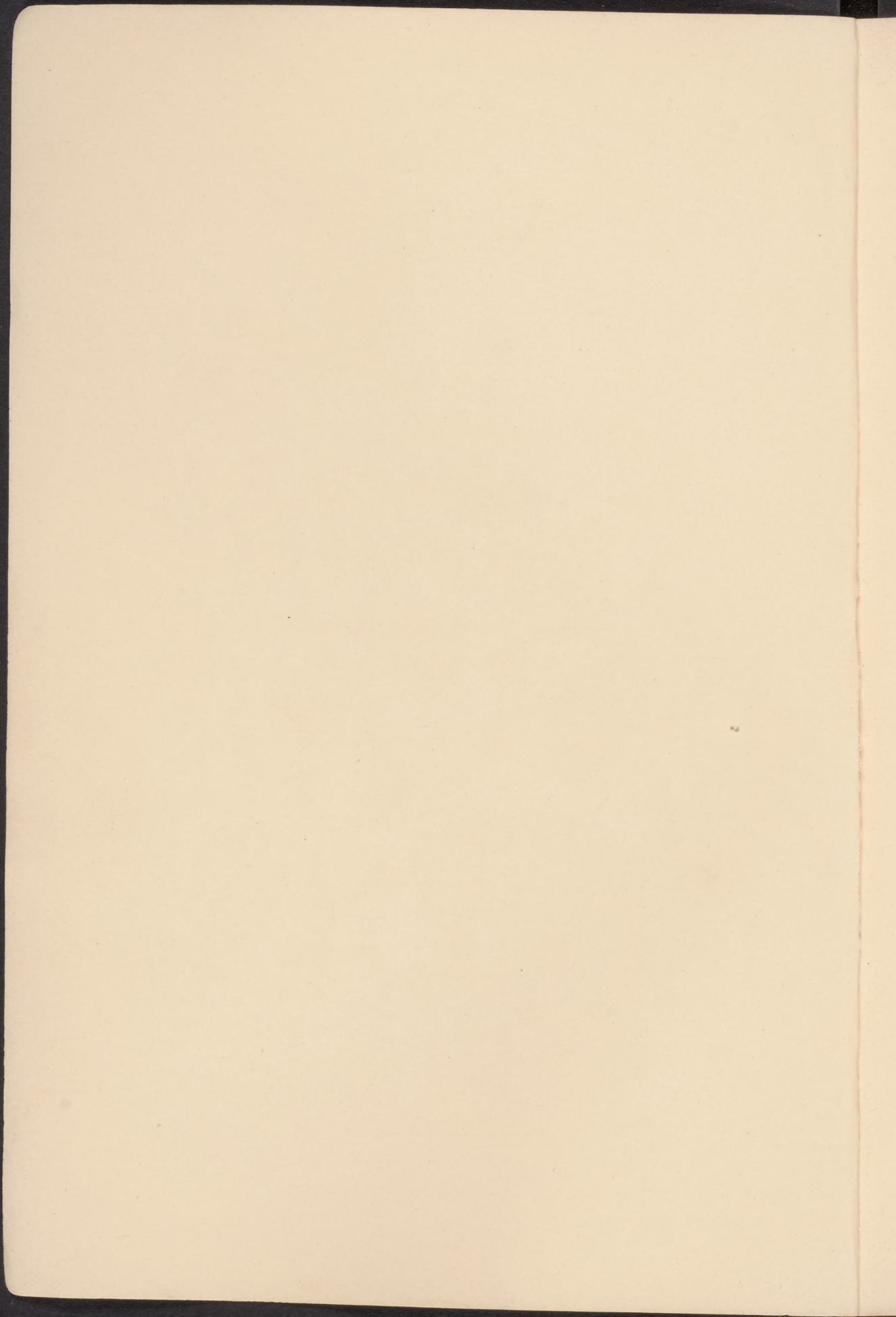
-
1. The Whip March
 2. Idealistic Overture
 3. Invocation Rev. Frank W. Dean
 4. Vocal Solo Mrs. E. Briggs
 5. Address Hon. Rolfe L. Thompson
 6. La Prose Intermezzo
 7. Last Word to Class . Principal J. E. Williamson
 8. Rresentation of Diplomas
L. E. Varner, President of Board of Trustees
 9. Song Class
 10. Alita (Wild Flower) Marceau
 11. Chanson Russe Russian Fantasia
 12. O. Belle Nuit Barcarole
 13. That's How I Need You Waltz
 14. Nita Scene de Ballet

Names of Graduates

N. Mabel Barnes	Anita Duncan Laton
George W. Bertoli	Charles W. Newell
John Bertoli	Grace Margaret Stillings
Grace Disher	Irma Mae Strout
Harriet J. Fyfe	Theodore Thomas
Ruth Marie Hair	Pauline M. Van Vicel
Esther Carrie Hansen	Julia Mary Walsh
Amelia Luella Hillard	Ralph S. Wiggins
Orpah Grayce Kelly	Helen Lucile Williamson
Gertrude Irene Langlois	Jesse J. Winkler
Ralph Raymond Langlois	George Dee Winter

Class Motto---Facta non Verba
Class Colors---Pink and White
Class Flower---Marie von Houte Rose





Azalea



Published by the

'13 Class

Analy Union High School
Sebastopol, Cal.



Printed and Bound by the
SONOMA COUNTY NEWS

To the
Faculty
of the
Analy Union High School
the
"Azalea"
is dedicated with
Loving Gratitude

Faculty



J. E. WILLIAMSON, Mathematics and Agriculture

LYMAN HARFORD, Commerce

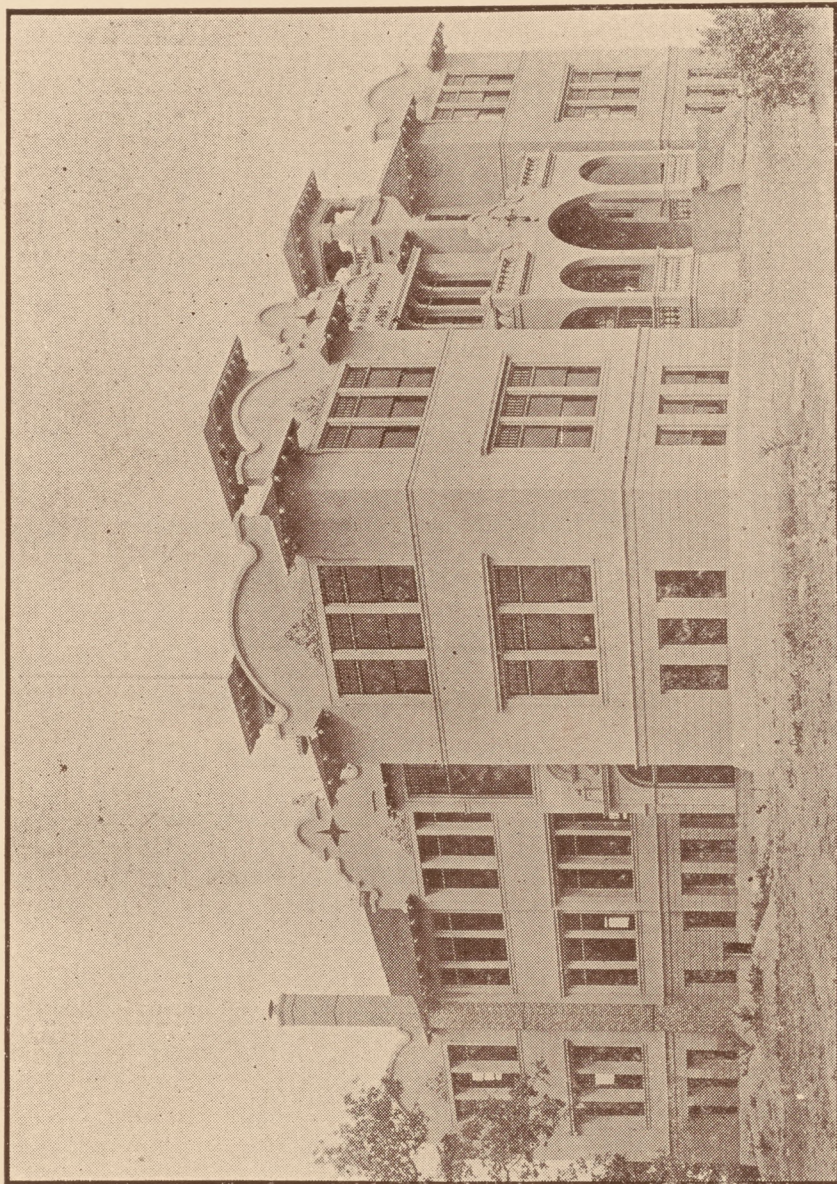
J. T. PERIGO, History and Drawing

SUSAN M. GREGORY, Spanish and Latin

ADELINE HOCKING, Science

MRS. PAULINE PULCIFER, Physical Geography and German

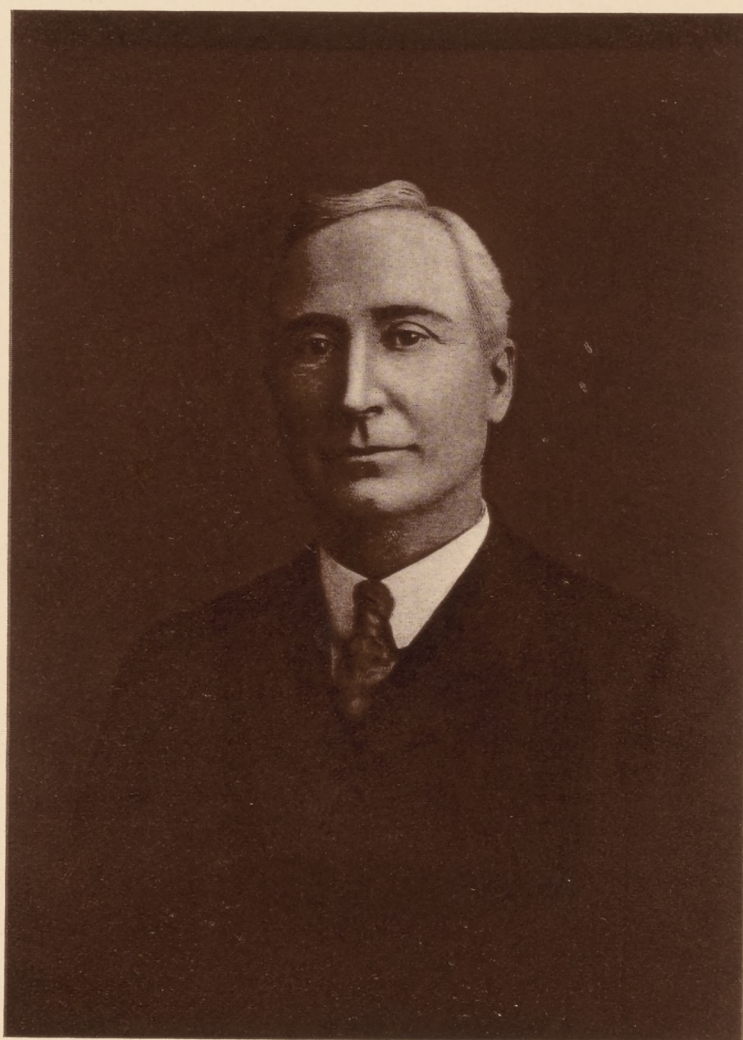
MYRTLE G. CROMWELL, English



Analy Union High School, Sebastopol, California

Table of Contents

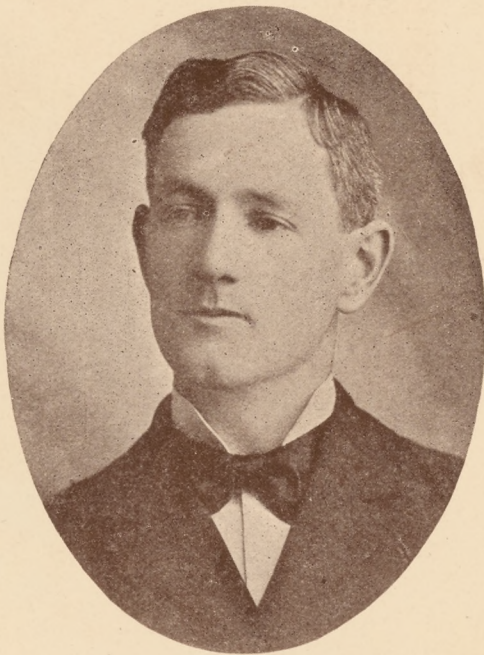
<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 10px; margin: 0 auto;"></div>	
Faculty	6
The Azalea (Poem)	10
Little Boy Big Chief (1st Prize Story)	11
How Malabeam Saved Her People (2d Prize Story)	15
The Result of an Overworked Brain (3d Prize Story)	18
The Dawn (Poem)	21
Stripes (Fourth Prize Story)	22
In English Class (Poem)	25
Hallado?	26
Aspen	31
Ravings Found in a Copy of Virgil (Poem)	32
Class Roll	33
Class Song	33
Class Flower	33
Class Motto	33
Seniors	34
Class Day Program	45
Commencement Day Program	45
Class History	46
Class Prophecy	48
Class Will	51
Class Horoscope	55
The Babies	58
Editorial	60
Midsummer Night's Dream	62
The Dramatic Club	67
Society	69
Junior Class	73
German Club	74
Debating	75
Athletics	76
Alumni	82
Exchanges	83
Hall of Fame	84
Senior Class Meeting	85
Alphabet for Freshmen	86
Information Bureau	87
Joshes	89
Advertising Section	95



Professor J. E. Williamson



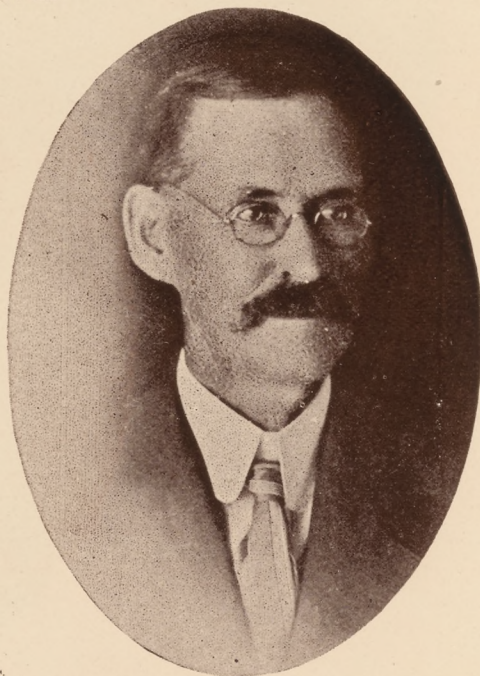
Mrs. Pauline Pulcifer



Lyman Harford



Miss Myrtle S. Cromwell



J. T. Perigo



Miss Adeline Hocking



Miss Susan M. Gregory

The "Azalea"

On the mossy banks of the gurgling brook,
In the forest's leafy shade,
With delicate tints of pink and white
Reflecting the gleaming shafts of light
As they pass through the forest's solemn height,
The Azalea's home is made.

It is jeweled with dew in the rosy dawn.
When the air is crisp and cool;
And it seems that the song from the thrush's throat
Has woven within its woodland notes
The sweet of Azalea blooms that floats
Out over the crystal pool.

—I. S., '13

Little Boy Big Chief

By IVY BURROUGHS

First Prize

WHY should he have looked down at that steep dark path again? He was such a tiny little boy that it always frightened him. Down the mountain it lead, gloomy pines on either side, and somewhere in the distance were the hooting owls. Where did the path lead, and why did the owls hoot so loudly? But mother had said that he must never, never fellow that steep trail down the mountain. So Little Boy sat down and pondered long and thoughtfully. Then it came to him. The man with the harsh voice who came yesterday and made mother cry, and whom she had called father, must live there. But who was he? Little Boy knew. He was some sort of a goblin-man. So Little Boy glanced fearfully at the gloomy trail, bue kept far away from it.

But why—Little Boy sat down on a stone to puzzle it all out—why, if that man were really a goblin-man, had mother called him “father”? But he must be one, he had made mother cry, and she was afraid of him, too, for she had gathered Little Boy so close to her and said: “My baby! My little boy! You shan’t have him.”

Then she had cried and cried, and the man had gone away without once deigning to look at Little Boy. But mother held him close all afternoon—it was hot, too, he remembered with a squirm—but mother had looked so sad Little Boy hadn’t had the heart to leave her. After awhile father had come home and he had been sent out on the porch to play—it was nice and cool there—while mother and father talked earnestly. It was then mother had told him he must never, never go down that path. Even father had said.

“No, Little Boy Big Chief, those are forbidden hunting grounds.”

“Little Boy Big Chief”—that brought his thoughts back to himself. If he were really a big chief, why should any hunting grounds be forbidden him? Surely a big chief could go anywhere. But when Little Boy neared the path it suddenly loomed up so dark and gloomy and seemed to lead right into the depths of the black unknown, that he turned and fled with all the swiftness of

which his small legs were capable. After all he was a very tiny big chief.

Out in the sunny road things seemed different, and the path was attractive again. Little Boy was tired now, though, and he sank on a stone to rest. A big yellow butterfly whizzed past, and Little Boy felt for his arrows. He reached down, then remembered that mother hadn't put his "Big Chief" suit on. Well, he would go and ask her to now, and tell her what a big butterfly he would bring back to her, then may be she would forget about the goblin-man.

"The goblin-man"—the goblin-man had wanted him. Perhaps—perhaps if he had his big chief suit on the goblin-man wouldn't want him. He would hardly want a big chief.

So Little Boy reasoned and went hurriedly to mother. Mother looked grave when he told her about the goblin-man, and cried again, but said to Little Boy's great relief that he wouldn't want a big chief. Then she kissed Little Boy and sent him happily down the road with his quiver.

It was then as he passed down the road Little Boy saw something glitter in the dust. He picked it up and gazed at it, a pretty little round thing with sparkly stones around it. It was just like the thing mother wore sometimes on her neck, only it was prettier, for mother's had no shining stones in it. Little Boy grasped it tightly and gazed wonderingly at it. It must belong to the goblin-man. Goblin-men always had quantities of bright gems, his book said so, and they loved those sparkly stones, too. He musn't lose it. He tightened his clasp on it, and it flew open. There was a picture of a pretty curly-haired little girl inside.

Little Boy gazed at it for some moments, turning the matter over in his small mind. The goblin-man liked children, he had wanted him, and this was a very pretty little girl, almost as pretty as his own mother. The thing had sparkly stones on it—and goblin-men liked sparkling stones. Perhaps if he were very brave and took this back to the goblin-man he could make him promise not to hurt mother any more, or to make her cry. Plainly, then, it was his duty to go to the goblin-man with the trinket, and exact a promise from him.

He started to the edge of the path again, then paused. It was so very black. He hesitated but a moment, however—he was Little Boy Big Chief now—and he was going for mother's sake. Resolutely he closed his eyes to shut out the darkness and started down the path.

When he found courage to open his eyes again he was surprised to find that the path had grown lighter and wider. This

encouraged him, and he trotted bravely on, remembering that he was a big chief and must do his duty. But even a big chief may become tired, and at last, forgetting all his dignity, Little Boy sat down by the side of the road and wept. He was so utterly alone, so weary and so sleepy. He wondered where mother was. How he did want her. He sank down on the grassy banks and wept softly. Then his eyes closed, and Little Boy Big Chief slept.

Little Boy Big Chief opened his eyes in amazement. Where was he, and how did he get here? Slowly he remembered—the goblin-man—the locket—of course! He had started to bring it back and had gone down the path—but this—this wasn't the path. Little Boy looked about in amazement. It must be fairy land. He had never seen such a place before. Flowers were everywhere, climbing in the trees, over arbors, twining about garden chairs—they were even at his feet. It was pretty, he decided, very pretty, he wouldn't mind staying here. Then he gave a gurgle of delight and ran toward a pond. It was full of bright, reddish gold creatures that moved about just like the minnies in the brook at home did. He would touch one and see if it were alive—he—

"What are you doing in my fish pond?" a harsh voice demanded. "Do you think I carried you down that steep path into my garden just to have you catch my fish?"

It was the goblin-man. Little Boy shivered. He didn't know why the goblin-man had brought him here, he was sure. He must be brave now, however, and tell why he had started, so he said in a little voice that tried not to quiver:

"I don't know why you brought me here, but I started to come and bring you somefing."

"To bring me something? What could you possibly bring me, and who are you?"

"I'm Little Boy Big Chief."

The old man looked quizzically at him.

"So you're a big chief, are you?" he said a trifle less harshly, "and you come to bring me something. How did you happen to come as a big chief?"

"I'm a big chief because if I was a little boy you might not let me go back to my muvver. But goblin-men don't like big people, I guess. Why did you make my muvver cry?"

"Make your mother cry! What is your name, little boy?" and the old man's voice grew harsh again.

Little Boy held out the locket.

"My name is Wobert Gwaham Coleman, and I'm named fo' my

gwand favver. I never saw him, but muvver says he doesn't like little boys. Are you wealy a goblin-man? I came to bring you back vis, 'cause goblin-men like sparkly stones, and little childwen, and vis has sparkly stones and a little gwil inside. An' I comed to tell you you musn't make my muvver cry any more. My muvver says you only make big people cry. My muvver—I want my muvver!"

It was a long speech, but Little Boy kept on bravely until the end, and then he dropped the locket and burst into tears. The goblin-man was so unfriendly, and mother was so far off. He was hungry, too, and he wanted to play with those fishes. And after he had come all this way the goblin-man was angry. He sobbed on broken-heartedly, and wished his mother would come.

The old man picked up the locket and gazed at it. He opened it. Slowly his face grew less stern. He made a movement to pick up the sobbing child, then hesitated. "No," he said, after a pause, "it is no ruse, she couldn't have sent him. He must have found the locket and came as he said."

Then he stooped down gently and tenderly lifted the sobbing, dilapidated little chief to his knee.

"There, there," he said, and there was only softness in his voice. "Don't cry so, I'm not a goblin, and I won't make your mother cry any more. I'm—I'm your grandfather, Little Boy Big Chief," and he caressed the locket softly.

If the child's mother would only come. He had been harsh. She must have put the stage and its ways out of her life. He gathered the soft little body close to him.

The brushes parted. Little Boy Big Chief's mother stood before them, and held out her arms.

"Little son," she cried, "little son, come to mother."

The old man gazed dumbly at her. His lips trembled. She looked at him and at the locket with his dead child's picture, and she understood.

"Father," she whispered. "Father," and he gathered them both in his arms.

"You will stay," he said huskily. "You will come and stay always?"

Yeth," murmured Little Boy Big Chief, "ve vill come and ve must tell daddy to come, and ven I won't have to come down the path no more. We'll all be here—and I can play wif ze fishes."

How Malabeam Saved Her People

By GRACE STILLINGS

Second Prize

MANY years ago the St. Johns river, in eastern Canada, was known as the Owengondee. For many miles the river flows quietly, but near the present city of Grand Falls it leaps noisily down for eighty feet or more, forming the falls, from which the city gets its name. A few miles above the falls a small stream, known as the Quisby, joins the river.

Upon the banks of this stream there was once an Indian village. Here dwelt the Melesecks with their brave chief, Nacotes, and his beautiful daughter, Malabeam. For many years this tribe had been at war with the Iroquis Indians and several smaller tribes. But now the hatchet was buried and the Melesecks were at peace with all the tribes, except the great Mohawk tribe, which lived further south.

One lovely summer evening Nacotes and his daughter paddled away up the river in their bark-canoe. The sun was setting, but the light which shone so brightly over the meadows along the river, was shut off from the river by large butter-nut trees, which thickly lined the banks. So as the canoe glided softly and swiftly along, darkness settled over the water.

When they were many miles from home they came to an island in the river. It was only a small island of a few acres, and was covered with alder-bushes and sand-plum vines. It seemed a dismal place to spend a night, but here Nacotes and Malabeam decided to stop and rest until morning.

All was quiet save for the rippling and splashing of the water on the bank. Tired and worn out, and fearing no enemies in this part of the country, Nacotes soon lay down and went to sleep. But Malabeam was not sleepy, and seating herself on the river bank, she listened to the sounds of the water. However, her thoughts were far away, for she was thinking of her home and of the brave young warrior who had won her love. She smiled to herself as she happily thought of the morrow, when many festivities were to celebrate her marriage to the brave.

Her mind occupied with these pleasant thoughts, the time slip-

ped by unnoticed, and still she did not go to the place where her father lay. Suddenly, she heard a sound as of someone moving through the bushes behind her. Jumping lightly up she peered about, but seeing no one in the darkness, she noiselessly made her way to her father. But she was too late for, before she could reach his side, a dark figure sprang through the darkness, bent over her father and then disappeared. Springing quickly to his side she found a dagger through his heart. In vain she sought some sign of life in Nacotes.

It had all happened in an instant, and before she could rise to escape she was caught and bound tightly. Whom her captors could be, she had not the slightest idea, as her father had no enemies within a great distance.

Without a word she was led away through the brush to the river bank. Here several canoes awaited them, and soon they were making their way up the river. Finally the canoes stopped and then a march through a forest commenced. Just as a faint glimmer of light began to show through the trees they reached an Indian encampment. She was turned over to an old squaw who gave her breakfast. The Indian men gathered in a group and seemed to be holding a council of war. At first she could make nothing out of what they were saying, but suddenly she caught a few words in her own language. Though apparently unconscious of the council, she was anxiously listening to every word. Finally she managed to catch enough of the conversation to know that they were planning an attack on her people. Though thoroughly frightened, she knew she must not let anyone know that she had understood any of the plans.

After a short time, the one who had spoken in her language approached, and said to her, "Before the sun goes down tonight your bark-canoe must guide us to your father's village. If you do this, your life will be spared and you will marry one of our Mohawk braves; if you do not obey, death will be your lot!"

Hearing his words, the Indian girl trembled, for she now knew that these were the Mohawks, her father's deadliest enemies. But thinking that she must save her people in some way, if it were at all possible, she replied: "I will do as you ask Bind your canoes together and I will guide you to my home. But as you have slain my father never will I be your slave!"

Satisfied with her answer the Indians returned to the council, and she was left alone. Her thoughts were busy trying to plan some means of escape. Then the thought of loved ones in her home village recalled to her their danger. Save them, she must, even at the peril of her own life. Suddenly an idea flashed through her mind.

Could she do it? It would require courage; but were not her people noted for their bravery? She was fully determined to carry out this plan.

When the sun began to sink in the west the warriors led her to the canoes, which had been fastened together. Placed in the front of the first canoe, she guided them silently down the river toward her home. The Indians, unacquainted with the river, did not know when they passed the Quisby upon the banks of which her home was situated. Malabeam, alone, knew that she had now left behind all that was dear to her. Bidding a slight farewell to her loved ones, and putting from her mind all thoughts of the happiness which was to have been hers on this very day, she turned to meet her death bravely.

"Hark! What is that?" cried a brave, as a distant rumble and roar met his ears.

"Ah! that is only the sound of the waters of a stream which joins the Owengondee farther down," was the girl's reply.

Little guessing what lay before them, the Indians floated quietly down the river. The rumble and roar grew louder and louder, the water became rougher and rougher, and faster moved the canoes. Finally the canoes lurched, whirled around several times, and, as the Indian maid silently lifted her eyes toward the Great Spirit, they whirled again and dashed swiftly over the falls into the black waters below.

A sad fate for one so brave, but she had saved her people. This happened years ago, but even now a water carnival is often held in Grand Falls. And at each of these celebrations a group of canoes, led by one containing an effigy of a young Indian maid, is sent dashing over the falls.



The Result of an Over-Worked Brain

By LUCILE WILLIAMSON

Third Prize

DRIP, drop, drip drop. The rain poured down and played on the window sill a monotonous song to Virginia. It was the time of the day when it is too dark to read, but too light for a lamp. Virginia sat beside the window gazing out into the gathering darkness despondently. She was searching for inspiration and found none. The cause of her meditation was this: the next day she was to make up and give to her English teacher a poem, an original poem. Virginia was not poetic, neither was she original; this she knew, and how she was ever going to get a poem was more than she could tell. During the past two weeks she had read poems of all sorts and kinds, and had absorbed yards of Tennyson until she really would not be have been surprised to see the "Lily, Maid of Astolat," or the "Great Sir Lancelot," or even "King Arthur" himself walk right into her room at any time. Virginia lay back, exhausted in the comfortable arm chair. The drip, drop on the window was soothing, and before she knew it, she had fallen asleep and dreamed a dream. This is her dream:

She stood in the midst of a brilliantly lighted hall, a knight untried in battle, a knight without a name. The hall was full of courtly people. She stood near other knights, who all had honorable titles. For in this strange kingdom no knight was named until he had proven his valor. No one noticed the nameless knight. All eyes were directed toward the center of the room, toward an elevated platform of marble on which stood a golden throne. Yet the crowd was looking not at the throne, but at the beautiful queen sitting there. She was small and lovely beyond description. On her fair, golden hair rested a tiny silver crown, the single emblem of authority that she wore.

Trembling, the nameless knight awaited his turn to speak. Then, dizzily, he felt himself walking toward the Queen and kneeling at her feet. He heard her speak, "What boon seekest thou, fair knight?"

He was aroused by her words to the real object of his coming to her palace.

"I ask no favor, Gracious Sovereign!" he answered, "only that I may be shown some combat, some battle in which to test my valor, that I, like these others, may be worthy of a name."

The Queen smiled at his youthful enthusiasm and wagered to herself that he would not return so joyfully to start on another quest. But the knight knew not her thoughts and only saw the smile.

Then she called a knight standing near, who wore green armor. He had a pointed grey mustache and grey hair. His eyes were kindly, almost humorous at times. Again the Queen addressed the nameless knight:

"All knights within this hall who have been worthy of a name have conquered all the dangers along some part of the road to knowledge. If you have a desire for fame, you may conquer the guards of the passes on the Path of English and," nodding to the Green knight, "Sir Gayley will guide you on your way."

Joyfully, the youth set out, forgetful of the dangers, forgetful of the hardships he must undergo, thinking only of the desired fame.

The two had not gone far along the Path of English when the road began to narrow and the shrubbery on both sides became more dense. No sooner had Sir Gayley explained that the young knight was nearing the first pass and must overcome the first powerful guard, when suddenly an armed man stood before him. He was a rather fat little man, with a jovial face, but he wore the funniest armor you ever saw. It was black and white and looked ever so much like strange printed words running helter-skelter all over him. Gayley had just time to whisper that he was that great knight, Lord Chaucer, who became powerless if one could break through his armor. Then the combat began. Many times the nameless knight pierced the armor, but not quite through it. It was growing late in the evening, but still Sir Gayley watched an even contest. The nameless knight was becoming tired. He realized that he could not keep up the fight much longer. In a last effort he summoned all his remaining strength; he lifted his sword on high and with super-human strength dealt the fatal blow. Chaucer fell. At last the armor was broken.

They rested during the night, then with fresh courage hastened on to the next pass. Here was an opponent far more formidable and terrifying. He knew without being told that this tall, stern man could be no other than the great Puritan knight, Sir Milton. Hard was the struggle, but the knight without a name kept up his courage and in the end he won.

Sir Keats and Sir Shelley, who held passes farther on, were easily overcome. So the young knight, elated at his brilliant success,

rode recklessly along unmindful of Gayley's warnings and, before he realized it, he had been knocked from his horse. Sir Gayley rushed to the rescue and spoke quickly.

"You have a hard fight before you. Sir Meter and Sir Harmony, with all their attending servants of Hard and Soft Consonants, are arrayed against you."

As the knight arose it seemed as though an army had advanced to meet him. A feeling of despair seized him. But when Sir Gayley cried, "Remember the Queen!" he drew his sword and sprang forward. It was a hard fight, for when he had killed both Meter and Harmony, their avenging troops surrounded him. When he had killed a Hard consonant, a Soft consonant would take its place, and when a Soft consonant fell there sprang up a Hard one. At last, when all were overcome, he fell exhausted on the field of battle. Gayley bore him away, dressed his wounds and brought him back to life.

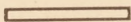
On the morrow, "a sadder but wiser man," he wended his way farther along the Path of English toward the road to Knowledge. The next pass was guarded by a small man in blue armor who wore huge spectacles. He, Gayley said, was Sir Halleck. This was the longest of his battles. Several times it seemed as though Halleck would surely overwhelm him, but each time the nameless knight rose with renewed fury. One sword was broken, but Gayley substituted another. With this second he at length threw Halleck to the ground pierced through the heart. Though the knight was weary, Gayley allowed only a short rest, for the way was growing darker and more dangerous every minute. The path became narrower. Presently they were forced to walk one ahead of the other and to cling tightly to the cliff for fear of falling down, down, down to the depths below. Suddenly, without warning, as if he had come from nowhere, a monstrous black thing blockaded the way. With a great effort the knight raised his head. Before him stood a mighty giant, twice the size of any ordinary mortal. He was clothed in black armor and wielded a massive sword. His eyes glowed red as fiery coals; but that which attracted the knight and held him spellbound were the letters which were written across his breast—letters which stared at him like flaming torches—

P O E M

The nameless knight started, "his hair stood on end, his voice stuck in his throat." The giant lifted his sword. The knight saw now it was useless to oppose him. "Surrender!" the giant shouted. The sound echoed and re-echoed as thunder rolls through the clouds.

Suddenly a stone slipped, the knight stumbled; he fell down—down into the dark chasm below.

With a start, Virginia awoke. Thus endeth the dream of the poor person who was deluded into taking England.



The Dawn



The soft wind whispers gently through the trees;
A waiting hush lies over all the world;
And in the blue sky up above one sees
The whitening stars with all their glory furl'd.

A fragrance drifts up from the wakening flowers
More sweet than perfume rich of Orient strand;
The murmuring brook glides through its leafy bowers;
The sunbeams glint the rock that skyward towers;
And lo ! the new day is at hand. —A. D. L., '13.

Stripes

(A True Story)

By HARRIET MADDOCKS

Fourth Prize

IT was autumn and the California woods were brilliant with green, yellow and red leaves. The nuts were ripe and Stripes, a lively squirrel, was busy gathering his winter store. He barked and chattered in his work and at last the nuts looked so tempting that he sat down at the foot of a tree and began to eat one. Suddenly a noise from behind him attracted his attention and, looking around, he saw a large cat watching him intently. He dropped the nut and while he was thinking which way to turn, he felt something seize him by the neck and he was dragged rapidly over rough ground, he knew not where. At last they stopped and the next thing he knew a lady was bending over him, talking to the cat: "You must not hurt squirrels, Eutopia, you naughty cat. Aren't you ashamed?" Then Mrs. Ashley picked him up and carried him inside, and put him in a basket lined with cotton. Stripes lay there too frightened to stir.

The days passed slowly at first, but gradually he grew more accustomed to his surroundings and was no longer afraid when Mrs. Ashley came to feed him nuts. At last he grew bolder, and as the cat did not offer to harm him, they had good times playing about in the house. He sat up at the table now where the rest of the family ate, and drank his cream and cracked and ate his nuts.

The days grew shorter and colder and instinct taught Stripes that he should make a warm nest and hide a supply of nuts; so he whisked about and gathered up all the pieces of paper and cotton he could find and tore them into fine scraps and put them in a bureau drawer. He saved part of the nuts that were given him, and one day as Mrs. Ashley sat by the fire reading he climbed up on her shoulder and hid them in her hair.

One cold night he crept out of the door without anyone knowing it, and when he wished to go back inside the heavy door was closed, so he was forced to stay out all night. He crouched down in one corner of the porch, but it was so cold he could not sleep. The next morning the end of his tail was frozen and in a few days it dropped

off. Oh, how badly he felt ! Although he took a great deal of pains with it afterwards it never looked quite the same again.

As spring approached his blood ran quicker and he barked and chattered merrily. Sometimes he heard other squirrels calling in the woods, and stopped to listen. Something told him to go, but still he stayed. Day by day the desire grew stronger, until at last he went out to the edge of the woods and sat there for hours listening. He sniffed the fragrance of the moist warm earth and it seemed to him that the woods had never been so beautiful before. Here the ground was white with toothwort and forget-me-nots, and just beyond was a patch of shooting stars. Far away in the woods he heard a squirrel bark, and with a sort of answering call he bounded off towards the direction from which it came. The chattering grew louder and at last he saw two other squirrels sitting on a limb above him. One had a nut and as she whisked down to the ground to bury it in the dry leaves, Stripes thought he had never seen such a lovely squirrel before. Never had he seen such fine fur and such a long, handsome tail. (Here he thought of his own with a sigh of regret.) He knew now why he had come and he was just going to tell her about it, when she hurried off deeper into the woods. He followed close behind and at last she climbed a tree which hung over a deep ravine. The water tumbled over mossy rocks and the white spray sprinkled the maiden-hair fern and the delicate saxifrage which grew close by. Stripes ran up the tree behind her and began to tell her how pretty she was, but she would not listen, and only scolded him. That night he did not go back to his nest in the bureau drawer at Mrs. Ashley's house, but slept in the open.

All the next day he carried on his courtship, but it was of no avail. He heard Mrs. Ashley calling at the edge of the woods, and although he liked her very much, he could not leave Prim, the object of his affections. On the third day Stripes won his suit; telling her how nice Mrs. Ashley was and what lovely things he had to eat, he at last coaxed Prim to come to the edge of the woods with him and then, bit by bit, he coaxed her to Mrs. Ashley's front yard, but she refused to go inside and share his nest there. He left her in the farthest end of the garden and went into the house to get her some almonds. When he came out he saw a strange squirrel talking to his wife. With a pang of jealousy he saw how handsome the intruder was, and with a squeal of anger he rushed at the stranger, who ran off as fast as he could. Stripes quickly decided it was best to do as his bride wished, and build a nest in the woods.

The next day they went back and began to build a cozy home

in an old mossy, hollow tree. Stripes often thought of his home with Mrs. Ashley, but although he loved her, his love was not strong enough to make him go back to her and leave Prim. Every morning she came to the edge of the woods and called him, and he ran to take the nuts and fruit she brought him. Gradually he coaxed Prim to go with him and share the good things, but still they did not go to live at her house, for the love of the little brown squirrel babies in the soft bark lined nest kept them in the woods.



In English Class



I stood before the English class,
The fatal day had come
When I must make a little speech,
A speech, while they sat mum.

I spake and spake of this and that.
Ah, me, what had I done !
My teacher marked me with a glance,
Oh, I was fain to run.

I gasped, I stopped and silence fell ;
I sought my seat in shame.
They glanced at me on every side.
The teacher called my name.

"——," quoth she, "you needs must know
As any Senior should,
That you must quote to prove your point,
Or else it is not good."

And thus spoke on the learned one
I could not choose but hear,
"You must repeat it o'er and o'er
And make it very clear.

"For people's brains are very dull,
Their sense is very small
And even the brightest people have
Almost no sense at all."

—R. H., '13.

Hallado?

HELLO, old man, any mail? Wherefore is that seriousness; been buying a lot in that new co-operative cemetery?"

The postmaster did not smile but with awkward embarrassment he shoved a dirty brown envelope through the gate. "No, but perhaps it would have been advisable. George, I found that letter behind my desk this morning. It's postmarked from Mexico six months ago."

"Ah, cheer up. It takes more than that to rile my trigger finger." He took the letter. "It's from my brother." His brother, Charlie, had left the panhandle and gone southwestward into the Mexican state of Sonora, when George was only ten.

"Hello, he's in trouble, or rather, he was. He may be in a hotter place than trouble by this time. A greaser can't fight fair, he likes to use a knife in the dark, when your back is turned."

An expression of concern clouded the postmaster's face. "I'm sure sorry for my carelessness, George. I feel like I needed lynching."

"O, that's all right, it may not be too late yet." He pulled out his watch. "It's only four minutes till the limited is due."

The watch closed with a snap. Half consciously his hand sought the butt of his six-shooter, his first finger nervously twirled the cylinder as if to caress it. His face hardened with determination, and the glitter in his eye made one think of the sun's reflection from the blue barrel of a forty-five. He was not handsome, a cowpuncher never is, but his face was a face that men like. He rode the way men ride when you like to see them ride. He was kind; when he rode in for a fresh mount he had only to whistle; other men used the iariat. He was brave and could shoot. The gun-fighter who killed his father had found that out.

He grasped his friend's hand and then strode across the hot sandy street into the little yellow pine National Bank. The only one that Dalhart, the heart of the panhandle, boasted of, then. He drew his roll of long-green and caught the train with only a few seconds to spare.

In sixty hours he was in Benson, Arizona. He bought another

gun (respectable citizens wore only one in Texas) and took the little Mexican train that runs south through Sonora.

After they crossed the line at Nogales he was the only American on the train. They left the valley of the dry Nogales and entered the brown, scorched Sierra Madres. George did not mind the heat, the glare, the monotony of the cactus, greasewood and mesquite; he was used to heat; he had cradled in monotony. But he was impatient of delay and the train coughed along more and more slowly. The lazy smoke of the lazier Mexicans filled the dirty car, the sight of them irritated him. He swore; the drive-wheels slipped a time or two and he swore again.

Then, the man across the aisle leaned over, and in spite of his fierce-looking mustache, smiled. "The *senor* enjoys the scenery, no?"

George swore again, but the Mexican did not mind; he preferred to take it for an invitation. He smiled and rattled on, his eyes twinkling with that true Spanish friendliness. He was a pompous, self-important little fellow.

"*Si senor*, I am an official, a detective; at present I am watching the train for an American murderer, Charlie Goree."

George started slightly but collected himself immediately. The Mexican noticed the betrayal, however, and looked at him suspiciously.

"Ha! Do you know him?"

"No. I have heard his name somewhere, but I have forgotten where. Your mentioning it startled me. Whom did he kill?"

The detective was reassured and soon told all he knew.

Charlie had been in trouble sure enough. For seven or eight years he had been undisturbed. He and his partner, Sanderlain, had done well. They owned several thousand head of cattle and were using the valley of the upper Del Altar for range.

Jose Bustamante, a rich and jealous *hidalgo*, friend of Porfirio Diaz, claimed most of northeastern Sonora. None dared dispute his claim and he generally had things his own way. He paid little attention to the two partners at first, but when he saw they were becoming wealthy he determined to drive them out. They warred for several years. Bustamante stole their cattle and killed their peons until they were facing ruin. Then the end came. A night-herder rode in one midnight with the news that a force of Bustamante's men had stampeded the herd and were sweeping down on the ranch-house. The two Americans with their handful of men sheltered themselves in one of the huge 'dobe barns. They kept up a fusillade for several hours, but when Sanderlain fell with a bullet

over his right eye George saw all was lost. He and the few men left, mounted their ponies, broke through the enemy's line and rode for Santa Anna, fifty miles away. They had a running fight of it for a few miles but their pursuers soon turned back to loot.

As the sun rose over the mountains on the right, Charlie paused for a moment and gazed back at his burning hopes. His eyes flamed, bloodshot with hate. His face went white, then black with the hot rush of blood. Driving his rowels deep into his pony's flank, he leaped on toward Santa Anna, where he knew his enemy would be waiting the results of the raid.

Charlie winged him just as he dashed for the shelter of the water-tank. Securing fresh horses and some provisions, he started north into the mountains—the mountains that will always hide haters of the Mexican law. He knew that he could not expect justice in a Mexican court and that he would have no chance to flee the country until the excitement quieted down. He was undoubtedly hiding somewhere near Santa Anna.

The news did not surprise George very much but it angered him. He wanted to wreak a little vengeance upon the detective, but he knew that would only make matters worse. For a moment perplexity clouded his steel gray eyes, then he spoke:

"Sir, I am sorry; but when I told you I knew nothing of Goree, I lied. I know much."

The Mexican's eyes blazed, his hand darted for the dirk hidden in his jacket. But George was quicker and seized his hand. The little fellow's brown face paled, he choked with rage. "Diablo! I'll kill you, you pig of a spy." His teeth glistened.

"Shut up, you fool," hissed George. "Listen, or I'll smash your locoed brain. I am not a friend of Goree, not by any means; I am hunting him, too. He is charged with killing a man in Utah fifteen years ago. Our agency learned of his whereabouts only last week. You are no more anxious to capture him than I am. Now, if you will act like a man and help me, when he is caught you will receive the praise and may turn him over to your government first."

The fellow became calm again and readily agreed. He wrote a note to the sheriff who was scouring the hills for the fugitive, and gave it to George, saying, "A few pesos and this are all the arguments you will need."

George was thanking him warmly when suddenly the train gave a few short jerks and stopped with a grinding squeak from the break-shoes. Everybody climbed out and walked forward to find the trouble, and trouble it was. A connecting-rod had snapped and only one cylinder could be used. The engineer sputtered around for a

little while and finally decided to run on with the engine alone. He would bring back another one from the yards in Hermosillo, three hundred miles down the line.

George knew time was valuable, so he determined to go along. The engineer disliked Americans—he would be in the way. George only smiled and reached for his hardware. The Mexican's tone changed immediately.

"Si senor, there is lots of room, the senor will be pleasant company." He smiled hospitably, "Here, sit on this leather cushion." George thanked him and they puffed jerkily away.

They rolled into Santa Anna at ten the next day. As he climbed down from the cab his eyes glanced over the place and he wondered how in the world his brother had had the grit to stay in such a forsaken, sun-scorched country for a dozen years. There was no visible excuse for the town's existence. There was only the depot, a small postoffice and store combined, and two long rows of houses, forming two unbroken walls on either side of the street. Doorways without doors were cut in the thick 'dobe walls, and the small windows were unglazed. The dirty half-naked children and dogs were romping in the filthy street, or lying in the shade catching fleas. The women were working about, some carrying wood, some water, while others seemed to have nothing to do but chew mesquite beans. One, he noticed especially. She was sitting against the wall holding a dirty, brown kid on one knee, while she patted out tortillas on the other.

He did not spend much time in gazing about, however. He strode over to the postoffice, where the men were enjoying their mid-day siesta in the shade, and asked where he could find the sheriff. The information was very indefinite, but he bought two burros, and some provisions, and started north.

All day long he rode across the hot, dry hills, seeing only an occasional cow, a coyote or two, and numbers of rattlesnakes. The rest was cactus and sand and alkali. The prickly pear rose higher than his head, at times he was lost winding through vast stretches of it. There was very little grass, while here and there, rose tall, rough mesquites. There was no breeze and the dry, thirsty air sucked the very life out of everything.

Occasionally he would fire his gun three times rapidly, the signal of the desert. At last he was answered. The sheriff received him with a warm welcome and without suspicion. "I believe we are near Goree," he said. "I have captured one of his men, and I shall make him lead the way to the fugitive tomorrow."

They built no fire when they camped that night in the shelter

of an old jabali den. Everyone was soon asleep, but George. When all was quiet he woke the prisoner, whose name was Reginaldo, and told him his relationship to Charlie. The Mexican thought he was lying and refused to lead the way to the fugitive. Suddenly he changed his mind. He decided he would have a better chance to escape at night with one man than at any other time.

George loosed him and they stole silently from the camp. Reginaldo's sudden change had aroused George's suspicions, so he kept his gun in his hand ready for instant action. When the Mexican saw this he knew his chances to bolt were slim, so stopped and stubbornly refused to go on.

They argued a little warmly until George became angry and knocked a piece of scalp off his guide's head. Reginaldo decided to move on.

Suddenly another idea floated into his smarting brain. He had agreed with Charlie that four shots in quick succession would be a signal that an enemy was near. He knew exactly where his employer was, so when they were within a quarter of a mile of the hiding place, he said. "He must be near here, shoot four times, that is our signal that it is friends who are approaching."

George fired, but they heard no answer. "He must not be here. There is another hiding place two miles further on, we will go there now."

Reginaldo lied. He knew that Charlie was now lying a few hundred yards farther down the trail, waiting the life of his supposed enemy. He led George on until he was almost touching his brother, and then jumped quickly over a ledge of rock, almost falling on Charlie.

George fired after him twice just as Charlie rose and went into action. George thought he was the Mexican, so he kept on slinging his lead.

For five seconds they stood there, so close that each flash of powder burned the wound its bullet made. They staggered a moment, then crumpled to the ground, choking blood. D. W., '13



Aspen

ONE time Jupiter visited the king of Ionia. The king gave him a glass of ambrosia that surpassed any he had ever drank. The king told Jupiter he had an ugly maid in the culinary department who made it. It was not long before Jupiter got all the information about her he wanted.

That night he brought her to heaven with him. The gods were pleased with her and, to show their appreciation, they gave her many gifts. She was given beauty, grace, skill on musical instruments, and all the womanly accomplishments. Among the gifts was the art of gambling given to her by Mercury, a bit of folly that afterwards he was sorry for.

It grew to be the custom of Mercury to go in the kitchen and gamble with Aspen for ambrosia. If Aspen won, he would have to tell some vital secret concerning the gods. Aspen beat him so many times as to win all of the secrets with the exception of one. Finally, she won this one, too. It was about the River Styx. If a god drank of this river he would be banished to Tartarus by the almighty Styx.

One night, Jupiter, after having drunk more ambrosia than was good for him, decided to marry Aspen. Jupiter could not think of any plan for disposing of Juno, but Aspen proposed to put water of the Styx in her ambrosia.

Aspen let a pail attached to a rope over the edge of heaven into the Styx. The pail struck the bottom of the river and stirred up the mud. When she drew up the pail she found the water slightly discolored. She did not have time to get another pail full, however, so she brought the water to the kitchen. When she made the ambrosia she put some of the water in Juno's cup.

Hebe gave Juno her cup first. While waiting for the rest of the gods to get theirs, she began to study her ambrosia. Something seemed strange about the color. Looking closely she saw tiny particles of mud. Suddenly the truth dawned upon her, and she had Aspen summoned to come before her.

Aspen took her time in coming. When she finally came she was very insolent in her manner. While Juno was talking she

laughed. Juno soon made her realize the awful deed she had committed. Aspen started to tremble and weep. She begged for mercy, and told all about the plot. In the meanwhile Jupiter, fearing Juno's wrath, made himself hard to catch. Juno was so disgusted with Aspen she changed her to a tree and said that the leaves should tremble in remembrance of the awful deed. That is why the Aspen is called the Quaking Aspen.

B. A., '16

Ravings Found in a Copy of Virgil

O, Synizesis, kindred one
To Synapheia !
Thy syllables are like an On-
Omatopoeia !

Thou art as lovely as the Spring
Of Eastern climes—
Soft is thy sibillance ; we sing
In rippling rhymes.

Thy very name can e'en elate us,
And swift evoke
Synaeresis and dear Hiatus
At one fell stroke.

Thou art a poem and a vision
Sweeter than Tmesis,
Mellifluouser than Elision—
O. Synizesis !

Class Roll

N. Mabel Barnes	Anita Duncan Laton
George W. Bertoli	Charles W. Newell
John Bertoli	Grace Margaret Stillings
Grace Disher	Irma Mae Strout
Harriet J. Fyfe	Theodore Thomas
Ruth Marie Hair	Pauline M. Van Vicel
Esther Carrie Hansen	Julia Mary Walsh
Amelia Luella Hillard	Ralph S. Wiggins
Orpah Grayce Kelly	Helen Lucile Williamson
Gertrude Irene Langlois	Jesse J. Winkler
Ralph Raymond Langlois	George Dee Winter

Class Song

We were a jolly class when from Freshmen we passed,
To the second stage of the game;
Then from Soph's we disappeared to our Junior year,
And we longed for the Seniors' fame.
When that goal was won and our Senior Year begun
How we longed for the time to come
When we'd get our sheepskins gray
And on graduating day
We'd leave old Analy and say:

Chorus

Good-bye, good-bye, dear old Analy,
'Cause we're going to leave you now;
And when we've gone away you're going to miss us,
There won't be a class like us for many a day.
So good-bye, good-bye, Analy High School,
When we come back to see you some day,
We'll think of all the joys
We had here as girls and boys,
So good-bye, Old High, good-bye.

—C. N., '13.

CLASS FLOWER---Marie von Houte Rose.

CLASS MOTTO---Facta non verba.



Irma Strout

What stature is she of? Just as high
as my heart.



Charles Newell

Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.



Orpah Kelly

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.



Dee Winter

The course of true love never did run
smooth.



Pauline Van Vicel

She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies.



Mabel Barnes

Her voice was ever low, gentle and
sweet, an excellent thing in woman.



Ruth Hair

Long have I sighed for a calm.



Grace Disher

Thy smiles become thee well.



Jesse Winkler

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!



Grace Stillings

And full pleasant and amiable of port.



Esther Hansen

A gentle lady ! When tongues speak
sweetly, then they speak her name.



Ralph Langlois

Noght o word spak he more than was
nede.



Lucile Williamson

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns.



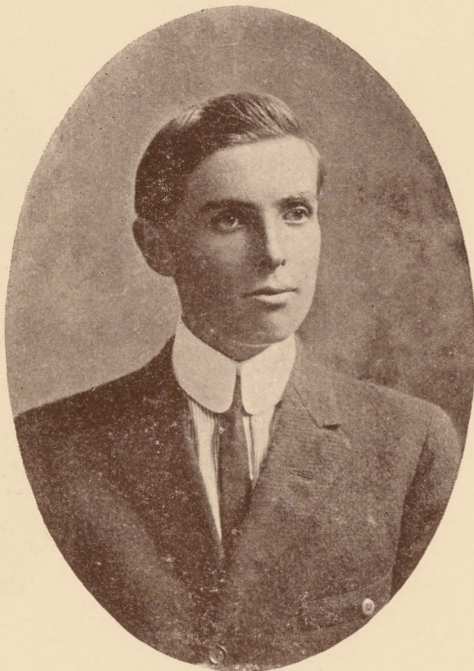
Theo. Thomas

With lokkes crulle as they were leyd
in presse.



Harriet Fyfe

And lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower.



Ralph Wiggins

Words of learned length and thunder-
ing sound, amazed the gazing rustics
ranged around.



Gertrude Langlois

As proper a dame as one shall see on
a summer's day.



George Bertoli

I am Sir Oracle; when I ope my lips
let no dog bark.



Julia Walsh

The philosophic mind.



Amelia Hillard

Even the vanquished she could argue
still.



John Bertoli

And yet he seemed busier than he
was.



Dux femina facti.

Anita Laton

Class Day Program

Song Class
(Words by Theodore Thomas)
Class History Amelia Hillard
Song Class
(Words by Amelia Hillard)
Class Will Dee Winter
Music
Class Prophecy Harriet Fyfe
Pantomime of "Lord Ullin's Daughter"

Cast of Characters

Lord Ullin Charles Newell
His Daughter Anita Laton
The Chieftain Dee Winter
The Boatman Ralph Wiggins
Attendant Lords
Presentation Ruth Hair
Song Class
(Words by Charles Newell)

Commencement Day Program

Orchestral Music
Invocation
Vocal Solo Mrs. E. Briggs
Address Hon. Rolfe L. Thompson
Vocal Solo Mrs. E. Briggs
Last Words to Class Principal J. E. Williamson
Presentation of Diplomas L. E. Varner, Pres. Board of Trustees
Class Song
Orchestral Music

CLASS HISTORY.

ONCE upon a time there was a rich and prosperous people, who dwelt in a beautiful, flowery land. As these people grew richer and richer each day, they at length decided to erect a palace and store their wealth within. Immediately all the people in the land commenced to work on the building, and in a very short time the beautiful castle was completed, and called the Magic Castle of Learning. Around this castle four great monsters were stationed to keep guard. The monsters each had four eyes, two in the back of their heads, as well as the front, so that they might guard the castle and at the same time see the approach of the enemy.

Many people from all over the world came to seek this hidden treasure. One lovely autumn day Queen Lita and her fifty royal subjects started out in search of this treasure.

It so happened that on the way to the castle a great ball was given one evening in a large, white hall, in honor of Queen Lita, and her subjects. Here we were told that in order to obtain the treasure within the castle, four tasks must be accomplished; firstly, we should overcome that dreadful monster, Latin; secondly, we should conquer that old foe, social functions; thirdly, we should overcome all our enemies in the one mile race; fourthly, we should get possession of a certain document, held by the four-eyed monster, which if obtained would admit us to the castle.

A year passed by before we returned from our pilgrimage in search of the monster, Latin, but we returned as conquerors.

The next year a new Queen was chosen for we had lost our favored Queen Lita, together with many of her followers, during our long pilgrimage. About this time the people ordained a second annual ball to be held in honor of our new Queen, Lois; and a pilgrimage made in search of other foes. At length our ardor for social functions abated somewhat and soon afterwards our foe was easily overcome.

Taking courage from our former successes we started out cagerly on our third task with Queen Harriet in the lead. After a number of failures and much hard labor in practice we finally succeeded in winning the race.

Now there remained only one task to be accomplished, so rally-

ing our forces, and with our new Queen, Ruth, we made a last and final effort to force our way into the castle and obtain the document. As we neared the castle we perceived that two of the seven giants, for one had been added each year, had fallen asleep, so that we were able to push by them and gain the wall. As we neared the gate the great iron bar fell back and we joyfully entered within.

We had gained the treasure, but at what a cost, for only twenty-two remained of our brave half-hundred who started out to conquer and win.

A. L. H., '13.





IN a picturesque old garden, in the month of June, when the roses bloom in all their glory, a maiden passed from tree to tree, gathering the choicest of Nature's offerings. Choosing a fragrant full-blown rose, she slowly separated its velvety petals one by one, until the heart of the flower was reached, when she read in its depths the life history of each one of the happy young people with whom she had been associated for several years.

Mabel Barnes was devoting her life to lecturing on hygiene, and was doing effective work in the education of the masses and in prevention of plagues.

Anita Laton, spectacled and severe, was a dramatic critic on one of New York's largest papers.

Dee Winters, after leading the rebel army in Mexico for a few days, had become president of the country. Irma Strout also figured in this revolution, for as president of the Red Cross Society her work lay in this field.

Grace Disher was holding the position of chief designer to the royalty of Germany.

Julia Walsh was Dean of Women at the University of California, while Ruth Hair had fulfilled her life-long ambition by attaining the position of university examiner from a leading institution of learning.

Ralph Wiggins, after his experience in arbitrating student body questions, had been appointed to the International Board of Arbitration.

George Bertoli, having gained great experience in making excuses for "cuts" while in school, had finally decided to write a text-book of excuses for high school students.

Chas. Newell had attained great success by writing an opera, and was even now starring in it. The first presentation was in San Francisco and won for him the name, "Our California Master."

Gertrude Langlois had become president of the Woman's Chris-

tian Temperance Union, and is even now touring Palestine in its behalf.

While we had attended Analy the code used for the telegraph was the Morse code, but this had been superseded by the code worked out by Ralph Langlois. After going through the starvation period, he had won great success.

John Bertoli, following his usual solemn bent, had become a priest and was now in a cloister in Saratoga.

Lucile Williamson, after many years of study at the various universities of the country, had become a medical inspector of schools, and as such was doing a good work in systematizing the work in the middle west.

While we have had great suffragettes, the foremost of all is now making a tour of the United States. Amelia Hillard had devoted her life to the cause and was now completing the work of Lady Pankhurst.

Orpah Kelly had become a poet, and was known as the "poet champion of the poor oppressed." Beginning first in inconspicuous positions on newspapers, she was rapidly advanced and her merit recognized until now she held an enviable position among our foremost American poets. Among her latest, but as yet unpublished poems, is this little lyric which she counts her best:

Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
I gaurantee rimes while you wait.
In iambic or trochee,
Pathetic or jokey,
I reel them off early and late.

Esther Hansen, after her superior work in chemistry in high school, had become a great chemist. Long and patient study led to her most famous discovery, the creation of gold from sawdust by a simple series of acetic reactions, under varying conditions of pressure and temperature.

As a recognition of her genius in creating a seedless watermelon, Pauline Van Vicel was appointed as head of the agricultural station at Washington, D. C.

Theodore Thomas had gained great renown by building a bridge from New York to London. Passengers were transported by means of a ship which passes alternately over the bridge and under the water, thus affording passengers a complete sight-seeing trip. For this invention the name of Theodore Thomas will live forever and ever, and will be a pride to Analy.

Grace Stillings, after teaching for a few months, left for China.

where she was teaching the heathen. The cause of her departure was a quarrel with the parents of her pupils, after which she became greatly discouraged.

The last curled petal enfolding the seed gave the history of Jesse Winkler. It seems that he had chosen the stage as his profession, and had quickly scaled the ladder of success, now being one of the best known matinee idols. Critics were undecided as to which was the better, especially in Peter Pan, Maude Adams or Jesse Winkler.

And whatever of fame and fortune had come to each, all their lives had been filled with the rich love signified by the red, red rose, and tenderly surrounded with all the purity of the white.

Harriet J. Fyfe, '13.





Class Will.

WE, the class of '13 of Analy Union High School, of the city of Sebastopol, County of Sonoma, State of California, of the age of four years, and being of sound and disposing mind and memory, and not acting under duress, menace, fraud, or undue influence of any person, whatever, do make, publish and declare this our last Will and Testament, in manner following, that is to say:

I. We direct that our funeral services shall be conducted by the Juniors, with proper regard to our station in life, and that the Sophomores have charge of the music, the Freshmen being allowed to follow at a respectful distance, provided they are able to overcome their violent emotions of grief over the said demise.

II. We bequeath to the school our chemistry aprons to be used for a frieze-work over the rostrum, knowing that many of the students have long desired one.

III. We bequeath to the Juniors our dignity of bearing and solemnity of manner, which they are to assume on all possible occasions as was characteristic of its former owners.

IV. Our art of bluffing we leave to the Sophomores, realizing that they will have great need of it during the next two years.

V. Our studiousness we leave to the Freshmen, as now their childhood days are over, and they must act befitting their station.

VI. Our love for cleanliness we bequeath to Mr. Williamson that he may use us as an example in teaching Freshmen to keep the floors clean.

VII. Our English papers we leave to Miss Cromwell with the request that she keep them in a place of safety to be used to show future classes what not to say.

VIII. To Mrs. Pulcifer, the future tennis champion, we leave a book of tennis rules.

IX. To Mr. Perigo we leave all the money in the class treasury, so that he may purchase a peanut stand, having often heard him express a desire to engage in that business.

X. A well-filled lunch basket we leave to Miss Gregory so that

she may appease her hunger during the 20-minute period and after school.

XI. To Miss Hocking we leave all of the unbroken chemistry apparatus which she can find in the laboratory, together with our wonderful blue prints, which we leave with much regret. Our love for prompt arrival in the chemistry class we also leave to her as a source of lectures for future chemistry classes.

XII. To Mr. Harford we leave a quiet study hall and hope that the future may be more peaceful than the past.

XIII. We, as individual members of the class of '13, surrender these donations to various students, hoping the said donations will prove of value to them in their future careers.

I, Ruth Hair, leave my love for a quiet chemistry Lab. to Margaret Patterson. My good nature I leave to Bert Bowers to cheer him up during his frequent grouches.

I, George Bertoli, bequeath my superior air to my little brother, Adrey. Also my love for cutting I leave to Jack Davidson, that he may rest his already over-taxed brain with a frequent holiday.

I, Esther Hansen, leave my precious history and chemistry notes to Gertrude Paschich, hoping they will be as great an aid to her in her time of need as they have been to me.

I, Anita Laton, leave my numerous pens and pencils to Ivy Burroughs and Dorothy Maddocks, to be divided equally between them, and I hope they will be as generous with them as I have been. My superfluous gray-matter I leave to the faculty, to be doled out to the needy ones.

I, Jesse Winkler, leave my art of bluffing to anyone who expects to study history soon. My eternal grin and sunny disposition I leave to Alfred Laton.

I, Grace Disher, leave my pretty brown eyes and curls to Georgia Swain. My faithful companion, "Caesar," I leave to Martha Lowray, in order that she may not be lonesome next year.

I, Amelia Hillard, leave my studious nature to Doc Kerr. My temper I leave to Lucile Scott, knowing her need of such an implement of warfare.

I, Gertrude Langlois, bequeath my numerous rats to Marie Morris. My hearty laugh I leave to Mary Fellers.

I, John Bertoli, leave my droll ways and quiet humor to Russell Taft. My ability as a baseball player I leave to "Red" Morrison, with the hope that in the future he will aid in gaining the championship for Analy.

I, Pauline Van Vicel, bequeath my dislike for powder and paint to Ruth Mitchell.

I, Theo. Thomas, give at least a sack of my beautiful hair, to be sold to the upholsterer, the proceeds to go toward the athletic expenses.

I, Irma Strout, do bequeath all my dresses to Ollie Harbine. If they are too small she may lend them to Carmen Blessing.

I, Chas. Newell, leave my love for classical music (?) to Eva Berry, hoping that she will furnish inspiring music to the school in the future.

I, Mabel Barnes, leave my curls to Lillian Harmer, knowing what a task it is to prepare them each morning before school.

I, Grace Stillings, bequeath the nickel remaining from my lab. fee to Vernon O'Brien. My shy and quiet ways I leave to Paul Winter, hoping that in the future he will not be so noisy; my brilliancy in American history to Ivy Burroughs, to be used by her in the future whenever she sees fit.

I, Ralph Langlois, do bequeath my modest and retiring ways to Lawrence Smith. Smithie will be greatly improved with this addition to his charms.

I, Orpah Kelly, leave my style of hair dress to Amy Elliot.

I, Dee Winter, leave my art of queening Sophomores to Ernest Focha, who has already had some experience along that line with Freshman girls.

I, Julia Walsh, bequeath my studiousness to Rayma Murphy, and my pleasant ways to Jessie Chinnock.

I, Ralph Wiggins, leave my wonderful imagination and brilliant delivery in English class to Vernon Kent, with the hope that he will some day become a great orator. Also, my art of being absent on examination days, I leave to Arthur Sweetnam, knowing that he will be glad to have a chance for a day's rest.

I, Lucile Williamson, leave my dreamy eyes and languid mein to Anna Fiske. My wonderful knowledge of English I leave to Grant Wren.

I, Harriet Fyfe, bequeath my curiosity in regard to the properties of sodium, phosphorus and sulphuric acid to all inquisitive chemistry students, with this warning, gained from experience: they must be handled with care!

XIV. We give and bequeath all the rest, residue and remainder of our personal property, of whatever kind or nature, owned by us at the time of our demise, to the Student Body.

Lastly, we hereby nominate and appoint Mr. Harford, of said City of Sebastopol, County of Sonoma, the executor of this, our

last Will and Testament, and hereby revoke all former wills made by us.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our seal, this thirteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

The foregoing instrument, at the date hereof, by the said class, signed and sealed and published as, and declared to be "their last Will and Testament," in the presence of us, who, at their request and in their presence and the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto.

Grace Stillings,
Dee Winter.



Class Horoscope

Irma Strout

Age—19.
 Born—Sebastopol.
 Aim—To be short and sweet.
 Hobby—Looking for a snap.
 Failing—Height.
 Pet Phrase—"I would I had thy inches."
 Cause of Death—Mistaken for a mouse.

Amelia Hillard

Age—18.
 Born—Penn.
 Aim—To be graduated.
 Hobby—Spanish grammar.
 Failing—Arguing.
 Favorite Song—"Try and Make Your Neighbor Happy, Too."
 Cause of Death—Melted away.

Dee Winter

Age—19.
 Born—Texas.
 Aim—To be a big man.
 Hobby—Queening.
 Failing—Lightheadedness.
 Favorite Song—"Go Away, Sadie."
 Cause of Death—Trig.

Jess Winkler

Age—21.
 Born—Grinning.
 Aim—To grin.
 Hobby—Grinning.
 Failing—Grinning.
 Pet Phrase—"My book doesn't say that."
 Cause of Death—Grinned his own head off.

Charles Newell

Age—14.
 Born—Milpitas.
 Aim—To go to Europe.
 Hobby—Campi Reastaurant.
 Failing—Ragtime.
 Favorite Song—"Any Little Girl."
 Cause of Death—English IV.

Theodore Thomas

Age—19.
 Born—He doesn't know where.
 Aim—To be a matinee idol.
 Hobby—Getting ads.
 Failing—His hair.
 Pet Phrase—"I've got sixty-five dollars' worth."
 Cause of Death—Dramatics.

Harriet Fyfe

Age—17.
 Born—London.
 Aim—To enter a convent.
 Hobby—Chemistry and the teacher.
 Failing—Looking down on people.
 Pet Phrase—"I don't give a hoota."
 Cause of Death—Geometry and--?

Mabel Barnes

Age—18.
 Born—Sebastopol.
 Aim—To get her hair curled.
 Failing—Getting her dates mixed.
 Pet Phrase—"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."
 Cause of Death—Her teachers.

Class Horoscope---(Continued)

Grace Stillings

Age—19.
 Born—Ferndale.
 Aim—To be an old maid school teacher.
 Hobby—A post-graduate.
 Failing—Talking.
 Favorite Song—"A Picnic For Two."
 Cause of Death—Fell off a motorcycle.

John Bertoli

Age—26.
 Born—Freestone.
 Aim—To own a billiard parlor.
 Hobby—Cutting.
 Failing—Talking in class.
 Pet Phrase—Unprintable.
 Cause of Death—Overstudy.

Esther Hansen

Age—18.
 Born—South Dakota.
 Aim—To be a civil engineer.
 Hobby—Water fights in chemistry.
 Failing—Breaking eggs.
 Favorite Song—"Splash Me, Splash Me."
 Cause of Death—Cessation of action.

George Bertoli

Age—27.
 Born—Windsor.
 Aim—To be a dentist.
 Hobby—The girls.
 Failing—Ex's.
 Favorite Song—"On a Beautiful Night With a Beautiful Girl."
 Cause of Death—Those high heels.

Grace Disher

Age—19.
 Born—Oregon.
 Aim—Uncertain.
 Hobby—Knowing her history.
 Failing—Charlie.
 Favorite Song—"Oh, Where is My Charlie Tonight."
 Cause of Death—German.

Ruth Hair

Age—18.
 Born—Pomona.
 Aim—She doesn't like to be asked.
 Hobby—Sings, "Dee, Dee, Dee." Dee."
 Failing—Raving.
 Pet Phrase—"Ding it."
 Cause of Death—Giggling.

Julia Walsh

Age—19.
 Born—Forestville.
 Aim—To star on Broadway.
 Failing—Knows too much history.
 Hobby—Being sick.
 Favorite Song—"June Dreams."
 Cause of Death—"Midsummer Night's Dream."

Lucile Williamson

Age—She doesn't know.
 Born—Iowa.
 Aim—To keep house for two.
 Hobby—Chemistry.
 Failing—Her agreeing to disagree.
 Pet Phrase—"I don't see why."
 Cause of Death—Speech in History II.

Class Horoscope---(Continued)

Gertrude Langlois

Age—She won't tell.
 Born—Iowa.
 Aim—To go back.
 Hobby—Commercial English.
 Failing—Goodness.
 Favorite Song—"O, Carry Me Back."
 Cause of Death—Bashfulness.

Pauline Van Vicel

Age—19.
 Born—Germany.
 Aim—To write a class song.
 Hobby—Grammar.
 Failing—Confiding in people.
 Favorite Song—"I Want Someone to Call Me Dearie."
 Cause of Death—Taking other people's advice.

Ralph Langlois

Age—He won't tell.
 Born—Iowa.
 Aim—To be a physics shark.
 Hobby—His sister.
 Failing—Studying.
 Pet Phrase—He has none.
 Cause of Death—Refusal to live

Ralph Wiggins

Age—55.
 Born—San Francisco.
 Aim—To find a cinch course.
 Hobby—His derby.
 Failing—That rebellious lock.
 Pet Phrase—I dunno.
 Cause of Death—We dunno.

Anita Laton

Age—18.
 Born—Duncan's Mills.
 Aim—To graduate with forty credits.
 Hobby—Studying.
 Failings—Too numerous to mention.
 Pet Phrase—"Oh, Horrors !!!"
 Cause of Death—This paper.

Orpah Kelly

Age—17.
 Born—Ireland.
 Ame(s)—Lynwood.
 Hobby—Diamond.
 Failing—Early rising.
 Favorite Song—"Call Me Up in the Morning."
 Cause of Death—Society.



Manager

Editor-in-Chief

Assistant Editor

Josh Editor

Society Editor

Staff Artist

Exchange Editor

Thos Thomas



Loy Bourroughs



John Pastolo



Anita Satow



Carol Wright



Alpha Kelly



Lucile Williamson

Azalea Staff

ANITA LATON	Editor-in-Chief
IVY BURROUGHS	Assistant Editor
CAROL WRIGHT	Artist
LUCILE WILLIAMSON	Exchange Editor
ORPAH KELLY	Society Editor
THEODORE THOMAS	Manager
JOHN BERTOLI	Josh Editor

Editorial

With this issue of our school paper, the "Azalea" makes its first bow to the public. In choosing a name for our paper we have tried to select the one most suitable for our school. "Azalea" was the name finally decided on by a vote of the school, and we think the choice a good one certainly. Think for a moment! Azalea! Does not the very name call up visions of lovely, woodsy scenes? The streams so numerous about here, masses of wild flowers, backgrounds of trees. What could be a more appropriate name for our High School paper? Our town is set in a picturesque country, our High School should be its center. Surely our paper deserves the most beautiful and most significant name we could possibly find for it, and "Azalea", musical in sound, suggestive of so much about our town and school, seems the most fitting name possible.

It is always a good opportunity for the paper, coming as it does after the work of the year, to summarize and comment on the various activities of the school. The "Azalea" can have nothing but praise for the way the pupils of Analy High School have broadened the scope of their work. A German club, a debating society, and a dramatic society have all been formed within the last year. The German club, especially, has proved most enjoyable and beneficial and we hope that next year will be even more successful than the one just past. The debating society was unable to carry out all of its plans this year. Keep it up, boys and girls! Make this a live club, and an important factor in your school life. The dramatic club is as yet very young but the interest taken insures its continuance and growth.

It athletics, too, Analy shows a decided advance, but where are our girls? The boys have done better work than ever before. Track

sports, basketball, baseball, all show marked progress. But Analy should have, and has had, girls' athletics as well. Of course it means work, girls, but it has not been all play for the boys, and the results, good fun and strong, healthy bodies, are surely worth the effort. Then, when the Board of Trustees and the patrons of the school see you are in earnest, Analy will have a gymnasium and instructors to enlarge and systematize the work. But first you must show your interest and readiness to work with what you already have.

The Azalea wishes to congratulate the pupils of Analy on these outside activities and urges that the next year be made a more successful one than the last. Athletics, debates, clubs, as well as the regular school work, all help make us what our High School aims at, intelligent citizens.





Midsummer Night's Dream

ON THE 17th of May—but why bother about the date? Suffice it to say that it was a night of true mid-summer, though in May—that it was a night in which “the sweet winds did gently kiss the trees and they did make no noises”—that it was a night when the eyes of mortals were allowed to see the fairies walk abroad.

It is hard to think of it as a play given on the High School campus. So perfectly did each one fall into his part, so beautiful was the leafy setting and so gorgeous was the costuming, that it seemed rather a dream as gentle Puck told us it was. We did not see the oaks that we pass every day on our way to school—it was the Duke's oak under which Titania and Oberon and their fairy crew held their revels—it was a wood of ancient Greece through which the lovers went astray.

The play is so essentially a thing of youth and summer and delightful fantasy that to see it given by youth on the kind of night that Shakespeare must have had in mind when he dreamed it, made it little short of perfect. What did we care that the lights that sparkled in the trees went out? We guessed it was but a prank of Puck—and did we not have the stars and fairies to give us light? And when magic was on foot and incantations were being woven, music, haunting and sweet, drifted out from the trees and laid its spell upon us no less than upon Titania and Lysander and Demetrius. And it was no surprise to see the elfish Puck starting up from nowhere or peering from a tree-top or dropping from the Duke's oak—Puck was everywhere—irrepressible, bubbling over with laughter, leading the lovers astray or playing with shadows—the very spirit of mischief incarnate.

I refuse to refer to the players as Joe and Kneeland, and Leland and Jesse—here is a list if you would know their names:

Theseus, Duke of Athens.....	Theo. Thomas
Egeus, Father of Hermia.....	Grant Wren
Lysander, Betrothed to Hermia.....	Dee Winter
Demetrius, Suitor to Hermia.....	Joe Williamson
Philstrate, Master of Revels.....	Charles Rogers
Quince	Kneeland Fuller

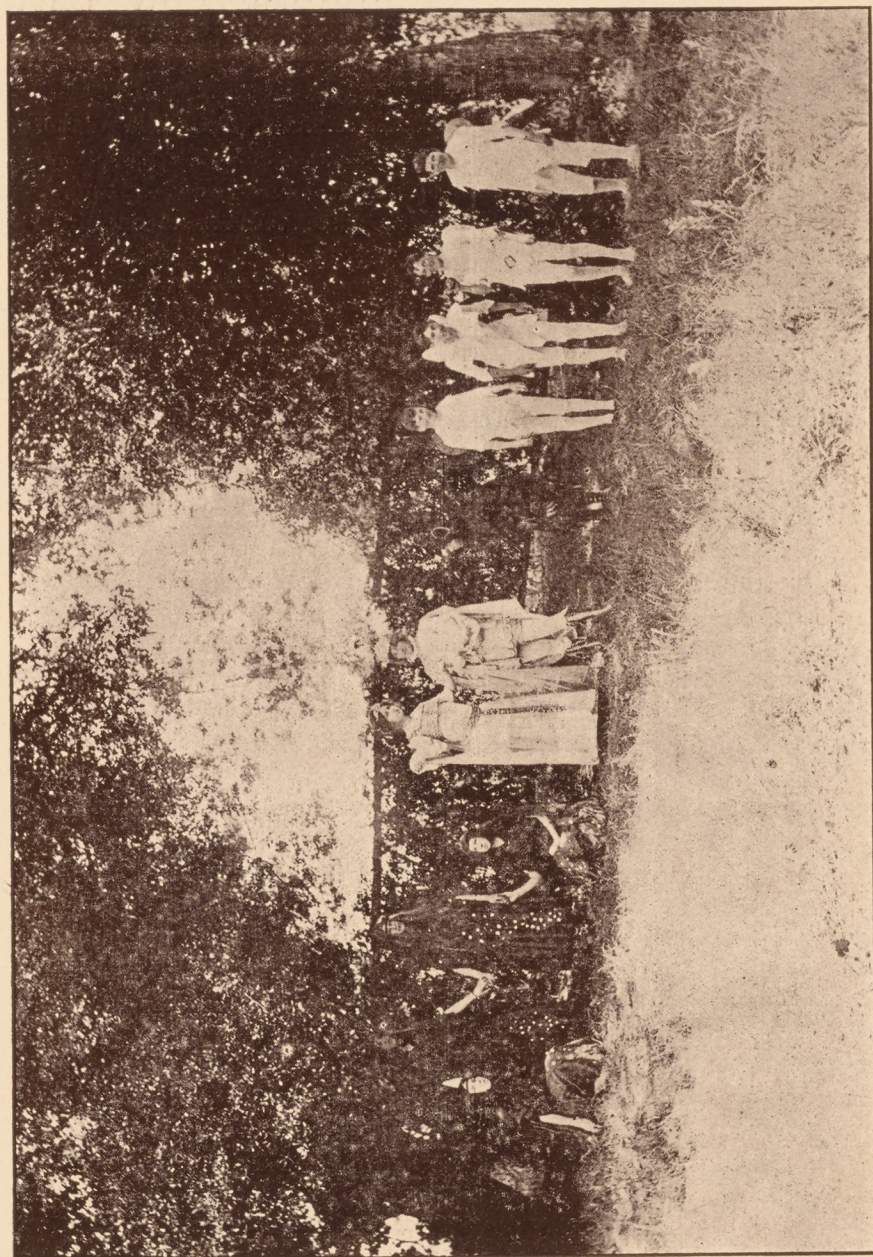
Heanich Klarouda.



Scene from Midsummer Night's Dream---Hermia and Lysander



Court Scene



Fairy Scene

Bottom	Jesse Winkler
Flute	Eugene Carrillo
Snout	Vernon Kent
Snug	Harlan Varner
Starveling	Leland Barlow
Puck	Walter Cole
Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons.....	Julia Walsh
Hermia	Irma Strout
Helena	Lucile Williamson
Oberon, King of the Fairies.....	Anna Fisk
Titania, Queen of the Fairies.....	Ruth Hair
The Fairies—	
Peaseblossom	Wilbur Purrington
Cobweb	Russell Taft
Mustard Seed.....	Vernon O'Brien
Attendant Fairies—Carol Wright, Leonore McFarlane, Rayma Murphy, Grace Libby.	
Guards—Albert Batten, Ernest Focha, Lawrence Carrillo, Ray Wilson.	
Musician	Harriet Fyfe

For that night they were Bottom and Peter Quince—Bottom, who sang so “wildly well,” and Peter Quince who was such an expert stage manager. They were Demetrius and Hippolyta and Aegeus and Thisbe—ah, Thisbe who died so gracefully upon self-slain Pyramus—was Flute who had a beard a-coming. Hermia was a beautiful Hermia—her voice went straight to your heart when she was lost in the forest, “never so weary, never so in woe,” and we were glad when the spell was removed and gallant Lysander woke from the dream in which his love had swerved. Stately Helena was Helena and not Lucile. And Oberon—Oberon was King of the fairies, lover of sweet Titania—light, fanciful, full of the witchery of the night, thrilling his mortal audience as he sang of the fair Titania lulled in the flowers by dances and delights. Woven of moon-light were the fairies dresses—made of mischief were little Cob-web and Moth and Mustard Seed and Peaseblossom.

Mrs. Green and Miss Cromwell—we realize that the height of art is its apparent absence, and if you are mentioned last it is not because we are unaware of what you did with the play—it is merely that you did it so well that you made us forget your work in seeing the result of your art. You had worked so long and well, you had planned the stage effects so thoroughly, you had infused such enthusiasm into the cast—you had made it all so real that we are not to blame if we forget it was a play.

The Dramatic Club

A DRAMATIC Club was organized April 26, 1913, under the name of the Philomathion Dramatic Club. Carmen Blessing was elected president; Grace Stillings, vice-president; Louise Barlow, secretary; Eleanor Purrington, treasurer. The colors of the club are lavender and green, and the flower is an iris.

A play was given called "The Clancey Kids," on the school campus, May 29, 1913. The audience was composed of the alumni, seniors, track team and faculty. Later light refreshments were served. The cast of characters was as follows:

Mrs. Van Sorrel.....	Lillian Harmer
Daisy, her daughter.....	Mable Barnes
Nathalie Whittier.....	Amelia Hillard
Dora Smythe.....	Mildred Hillard
Rexie Flouncè.....	Etta Barnes
Pearl Dickory.....	Orpah Kelly
Fluff, a colored maid.....	Anna Lunceford
Mademoiselle, a governess.....	Florence Pfefferle
Mrs. Clancey.....	Carmen Blessing
Hopeful	Mary Fellers
Dolores	Eva Williamson
Dandelion	Una Dodenhoff
Martha	Ruth Lyons
Mary	Eleanor Purrington
Guests.....	Margaret Patterson, Gertrude Paschich

Between acts a song, entitled "Lily of the Prairie," was rendered by Mary Fellers and Una Dodenhoff. It was pantomimed by Eleanor Purrington, Indian maid; Gertrude Paschich, brave; Jessie Batchelor, squaw; Margaret Patterson, old man.

SOCIETY





On September 20th a band of A. U. H. S. students assembled in Red Men's hall to welcome the Freshmen into the High School life at Analay. It was a merry bunch and a horoscope of the Freshmen, read as the beginning of the program, put everyone in a humor to thoroughly enjoy the track meet that followed. After this those who were so inclined, spent the remainder of the evening dancing, or played games in the adjoining room. At 10:30 o'clock all assembled for refreshments of ice cream and cake, and at 11 o'clock a thoroughly satisfied bunch took the last car for home.

The whole school was buzzing with excitement. The Freshmen were to tender the upperclassmen a return reception on the 23d of May. The evening of the great day arrived and all Analay once more gathered expectantly at Red Men's hall to enjoy the hospitality of the "Freshies." Dancing and games occupied the entire evening, together with frequent trips to a large bowl of punch served between dances. At 11:30 o'clock ice cream and cake were served, and as soon after this as the program was completed the reception broke up.

Decoration Day, the Juniors entertained the Seniors at a picnic, given out at Mirabel Park, on the Russian river. The crowd took the electric cars to Forestville and were conducted from there to the picnic grounds in 'buses. A very able committee served a delicious "spread" under trees at noon and the remainder of the day was spent in the regular picnic fashion. Miss Gregory, Miss Hocking and Mr. Harford acted as chaperones for the occasion.

The annual reception was tendered the Senior class and faculty at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, Friday, June 6th. A

great part of the evening was spent in playing games, after which light refreshments were served, and at a late hour all returned home, voting it a most interesting evening.

May 31st, the Seniors enjoyed the hospitality of Miss Hocking, Miss Gregory and Miss Cromwell at a "Children's party." Everyone came dressed in youthful attire and enjoyed the pastimes of childhood, of which "all-day suckers" formed a prominent part. Later supper was served on the veranda, which was prettily decorated with Chinese lanterns. It was a most unique and enjoyable affair.

Tuesday afternoon, February 25, 1913, was set aside as Patrons' Day. Neat printed invitations were circulated throughout the district. The visitors began to arrive about one o'clock. A table was placed at the door in charge of one of the pupils, where all of the patrons were requested to register. A number of the students acted as ushers. The patrons were allowed to visit any of the classes, and remain as long as they chose. They were also given a view of the several laboratories. After 3:30, the patrons met in the assembly hall and discussed various points of importance to them and to the school.

In order to pay off some of last year's debts an Old Folks concert was given in the Assembly hall, Friday evening, January 31, 1913. Those taking part were dressed in old fashioned costumes. Those participating in the German songs were attired in the German peasant costume.

On Saturday morning, December 7, 1912, the physical geography classes made the usual trip to Roblar mine, and the quarry. At Roblar station they were met by Mr. ———, the owner of the mines, who conducted them over the place, and through the tunnels, giving interesting explanations of the material and its formation. At noon lunch was spread and afterwards the quarry was visited. There was a great scramble to catch the two o'clock car, and even then some "slow ones" were left. The expedition was chaperoned by Mrs. Pauline Pulcifer and Miss Edith Tracey.

Drs. John and Florence Talbot were engaged by the Board of Trustees to conduct lectures before the High School pupils, on the subject of hygienics, during the fall term. These lectures were given on three different afternoons and were very profitable and instructive.

Rev. W. P. Rankin secured the consent of the Williams jubilee quartet to sing a few songs for the High School. The singing was excellent and the applause very hearty.

W. Cramer, of Cheyenne, Wyoming, gave several excellent

violin solos in the Assembly hall, one afternoon in February. His violin was over a hundred years old.

The week before institute, J. S. Denton, principal of Napa High School, spoke on the subject of secondary schools and high school activities.

On the same day H. J. Waters of Santa Rosa gave an address on the effect of alcohol and tobacco on the human system in connection with athletics.

Mrs. Chas. Greene of Santa Rosa rendered a comic selection before the school, called "Bones."

On May 12, 1913, Rev. W. P. Rankin gave a lecture on China as it was and as it is today.

This year has seen a decided improvement in the appearance of the high school building and campus. The board had two large beds of lawn and several smaller ones planted in front of the building, and about the cement walks. Contrasted with last year's scraggly growth of weeds these lawns with their palms present a most delightful aspect.

The building, too, has been refinished both inside and out. The various rooms were all recalcimined and the exterior repainted. Screens were placed over the windows facing the baseball diamond.

The short-story contest aroused a great deal of interest this year, each class being represented in the race. The Perrier-Morris prizes of ten dollars were awarded to the winners. The prize for the best story was five dollars, donated by Mr. Perrier. The three other stories divided the second five dollars, given by Mr. Morris, among them, the second prize story receiving two and a half dollars; the third story, a dollar and a half; and the fourth story the remainder, one dollar. Great thanks are due to Mr. Perrier and Mr. Morris for their generosity and the interest displayed by them in the welfare of the school.

In the lawn tennis tournament this year, Barlow, Williamson, Leland and Purrington played the deciding games. Leland Barlow was the winner and received the racket offered by Mr. Borba to the champion.

THE Physical Geography Class made their annual trip to Dillon's Beach May 3, 1913. They were accompanied by a number of pupils not studying the subject. At 8:10 a. m. the party left Sebastopol in auto trucks; one belonging to G. W. Russell of Forestville, and one to Geo. Dohn of Santa Rosa. The party was accompanied by the principal, J. E. Williamson, and the physical geography in-

structor, Mrs. Pauline Pulcifer. The trip was made in about two hours. Seven of the crowd had arrived before the trucks, going in private vehicles. Every one enjoyed the sand and water until noon. Lunch was served under the eucalyptus trees on the grounds. There was food in abundance. In the afternoon those who had to answer questions sought to do so, while the rest enjoyed other pleasures. At about 4:30 every one journeyed to the trucks, where the remainder of the lunch was consumed. The machines left Dillon's Beach at 5 o'clock, and arrived in Sebastopol at 7 p. m. There were forty-five enjoying the trip, and every one was apparently happy despite severe coatings of tan.

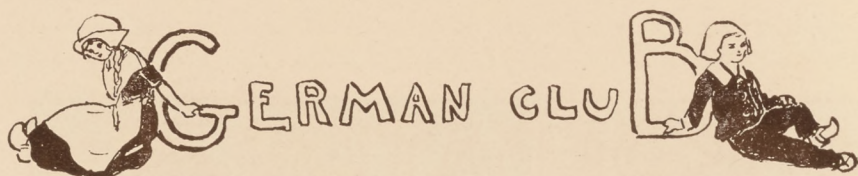


C.B.
M.W.
H.A.
G.W.
E.T.
V.W.
M.P.
I.S.



S.R.
J.P.
N.M.
L.B.
S.B.
J.R.
S.K.

The Class of 1914



UNDER the guidance of Mrs. Pauline Pulcifer, a German club was organized, called "Der deutsche Liederkranz." The meetings are held at the homes of the different members every first and third Friday evening of the school month. German is spoken exclusively at the meetings, except when first-year students are present and cannot understand the proceedings. At such times, things are said in German and then translated into English. The elections are held every five months. For the first term the officers were elected as follows: Ruth Hair, president; Grace Libby, vice-president; Grace Stillings, secretary. For the second term the officers elected were: Ruth Hair, president; Lucile Williamson, vice-president; Harriet Maddocks, secretary. The purpose of the club is to promote the use of the German language.

In order to get the German townspeople interested in the club, a short program was given in the school building Friday evening, April 4, 1913. The program was as follows:

Songs, (a) "Die Ehre Gottes aus der Natur".....Beethoven

Bertram Bower, Grant Wren

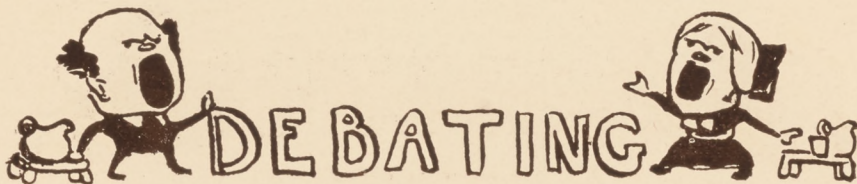
(b) "Lob der Frau Musica".....German Club
Poem, "Der Erlkonig" (Goethe).....Marjorie Shatto
Piano solo, "Der Erlkonig".....Anita Laton

Comedy: "Gott sei Dank der Tisch ist gedeckt"

General von Saint, Paulin.....Bertram Bower
Frau von-Saint, Paulin, his wife.....Ruth Hair
Hermance, their daughter.....Carol Wright
Herr Lombard, husband of Hermance.....Grant Wren
Augustine, Saint-Paulin's Maid.....Hilda Starkey
Rousillon, fiance of Augustine.....Joe Williamson
Vocal Selection.....Miss Marguerite Jewell
Poem, "Der Handschuh," (Schiller).....Johnathan Wright
Songs, (a) "Heidenroslein".....(Goethe)

(b) "Aenuchen von Tharau".....(Dach)

The German Club



DEBATING

Debating started out with great vim this year. On an appointed day, Miss Cromwell's room was filled with students eager to form a debating society. Mr. Harford took charge and President Bert Bower, Vice-president Dee Winter, and Secretary Lucile Williamson were elected. A committee for drawing up a constitution, and a committee to provide subjects for debate for the subsequent meetings was held in the study hall. It was a tryout for the debating team. About fifteen enthusiastic ones debated on the question, "Resolved, that the United States was Justified in Remitting Tolls on American Ships passing through the Panama Canal." Of the contestants, Anita Laton, Dee Winter and Grover Hunt, with Carmen Blessing as alternate, were selected by the faculty for the team. Another debate was held after school before the debating society. The question, "Resolved, that the Bill providing for Free School Books Is Beneficial," aroused considerable interest. The debating team was chosen as judges and their decision was in favor of the affirmative.

Only one debate has been held outside of the school. In November our team debated with that of Santa Rosa in their High School auditorium. The question was the same as that discussed in the tryout. Our debators did some excellent work but the decision rested with Santa Rosa. The enthusiasm in debating has cooled, perhaps because of this defeat; perhaps there were too many other interests. An any rate we have not lived up to the standard set last year. May the interest next term last through the whole year.





BASKETBALL

CHAMPIONS ! How does that sound for old Analy ? Here at last we can proudly say that we have achieved success in spite of many drawbacks, which we struggled manfully to overcome. We at last persuaded the girls to give us full sway, and unmolested we fought our way to victory.

We played four teams, Santa Rosa, Lakeport, Petaluma and Sonoma. The Petaluma and Sonoma triumphs were S. N. S. C. A. L. games, and our victory at Petaluma on February 14, with a score of 31 to 19, gave us the championship; Sonoma having forfeited a game to us. The following is the line up:

Forwards—Arthur Sweetnam, Jack Davidson (captain).

Center—Leland Barlow.

Guards—John Bertoli, Ralph Wiggins (manager).

In baseball Analy has not made quite the record she claims in basketball, but under the direction of Captain Bertoli and Manager Wiggins she has managed to make herself heard of. Thus far she has lost but one game, which unfortunately was a championship game. The game was played on the local diamond against Santa Rosa, with the following line up:

John Bertoli (captain), third base; Ralph Wiggins (manager), second base; Alfred Laton, pitcher; Lawrence Bertram, catcher; George Bertoli, first base; "Doc" Kerr, short stop; Arthur Sweetnam, left field; Harold Morrison, center field; Dee Winter, right field, Albert Batten, extra.

BASEBALL

On April 30, our baseball team played an A. A. L. game with the Santa Rosa team at Sebastopol. The score was 9 to 7 in our favor and won the championship of Sonoma county for Analy. Lawrence Ristau and Alfred Laton were the battery and the team claims it was their good work that won the game.

TRACK ATHLETICS

(1913)

WHO says Analy hasn't a track team ? Think twice before you say it.



graduated



Upper---Basketball Team. Lower---Baseball Team

1913 shows fourth progress and a great future for Analy's athletes.

What has she done? I hear some one say. I know you are anxious to hear, but first let me tell you the reasons of this improvement and success.

1. There is good material to work with.
2. There has been some good systematic training carried on by the boys under the careful directions of Wm. Rogers, Jr.
3. The most important reason of all is that the boys have had the backing of the rest of the school, which counts a great deal toward the success of a winning team.

Now, turning to what Analy has done:

Four of her star performers have this year won the coveted block "A," which is the highest honor that can be attained by any athlete.

The team has taken part in the following meets:

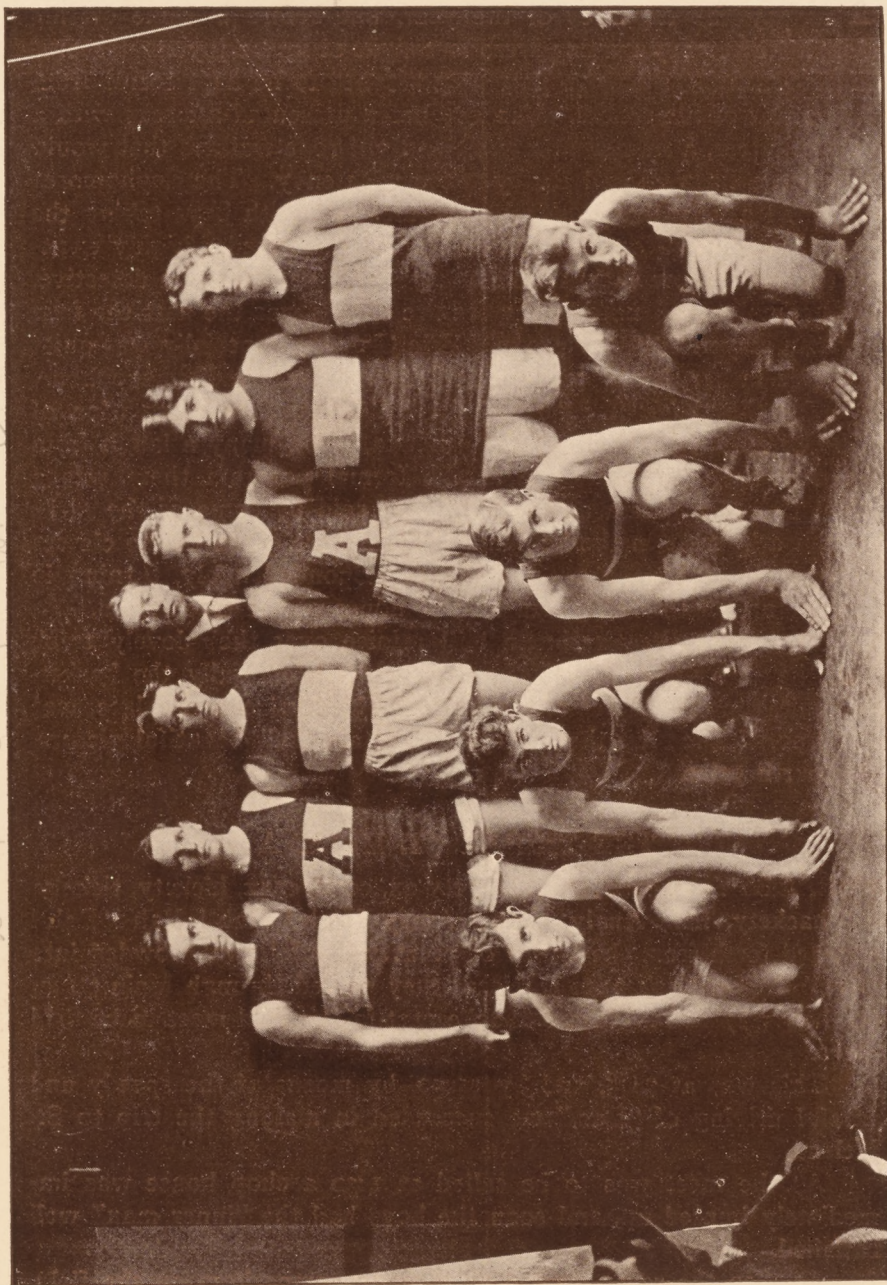
- (1.) Stanford intercholastic.
- (2.) Petaluma vs. Analy.
- (3.) S. N. S. C. A. L. at St. Helena.
- (4.) N. W. Sub. League A. A. L. at Ukiah.

In all of the above Analy made a good showing. The most exciting being the "dual meet" with Petaluma, in which Analy carried home the "bacon" after a fierce struggle in mud and rain.

Nearly all the records of the school have been broken, especially in the track events. Following are the A. U. H. S. records:

50 yd dash—Barlow, Focha, Fuller.....	5.3
100 yd dash—Focha	10.2
220 yd dash—Focha	23.1
440 yard dash—Barlow	55.
880 yd dash—Barlow	2.11
1 mile run—Carrillo	5.14
120 yd hurdles—Wm. Son	17.3
220 yd hurdles—Wm. Son	27.1
Broad jump—C. Wiggins	21.3
Pole vault—C. Wiggins	10.
Shotput—Ewing	38.2
High jump—B. Street	5.3
Half mile relay, Class of 1915.....	1.39

Of the above all, with the exception of the broad jump, high jump, and the pole vault, have been established this year. Therefore, we are improving. Everybody keep up the good work, and boost for the track team.



Track Team

TRACK SHOW

IN May 21, the track team gave a "track show" to raise money to pay the expenses of the year, but before it came off all thoughts of money making were lost sight of in the joyous preparations. Each class was to present a "stunt" to be kept secret from all the rest of the school. The Freshmen presented a circus with a trained spider, a trained lion and two tight rope walkers that would have made Barnum and Bailey green with envy. The Sophomores presented a very lively suffragettes' meeting, with boys taking the part of the fair suffragettes. The Juniors portrayed a highly exciting moving picture show with cowboys, a Chinaman and a detective, quite complete. A noteworthy feature of this was the part the four teachers played in it—by proxy. Miss Gregory, especially was quite dramatic in her death scene. The Seniors offered a Humanophone, seen for the third time on the Pacific Coast. Their rendition of "The Old Oaken Bucket," and "America," won many a laugh from the audience. At the close of the formal program there was a social time, ice cream and candy being sold by some of the girls. To rouse interest in the beginning prizes were given to the classes selling the most tickets. The classes responded nobly, turning in money enough to satisfy the wildest hopes of the track team. As for the prizes—the Freshmen still rejoice over their lovely track suit, the first prize; the Sophomores cherish carefully the basketball suit, the second prize; the Seniors' third prize, a necklace, was alas ! perishable; but the Juniors still retain their beautiful picture, the fourth prize.

THE TRIP TO ST. HELENA

BRACETY ax, coax, coax, bracety ax, coax, coax, hickety, tickety, hackety, ha. Analy High ! Analy High ! Rah ! Rah ! Rah ! sounded forth from the voices of seventy-five fellows, crowded into "Doc" Ungewitter's auto truck, as they passed through Main street on their way to St. Helena to take part in the field meet to be held there.

This was at 7:45, and by 11:30, by means of the speedy and careful driving of "Doc," we succeeded in making the trip to St. Helena.

As the meet was to be called at 1:30 a chop house was immediately hunted up, and soon the boys had the "inner man" well satisfied.

At 1:30 the races started with many competitors on the field, and a good crowd of rooters in the grand stand.

Three and a half hours of good sport followed, in which time the Analy boys succeeded in scoring eight points; second in the 220 yard dash; second in the 440 yard dash; and third in the relay.

The games over, and the time about 5:30, the boys decided to go to Calistoga before getting something to eat. So climbing into the truck and lighting out at a 30 per hour clip, we soon reached a hotel in Calistoga, to which after half an hour of real enjoyment we bade adieu, and started on our fifty mile trip to Sebastopol.

Our trip home was one not to be forgotten for many a day, as the evening was ideal, the moon shining, and the temperature just right. All the songs from "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet," to "Moonlight Bay," were sung by the boys, under the leadership of coach Wm. Rogers, Jr. We succeeded in reaching our home town at 10:20.



Alumni

The Class of '10

Charles Wiggins has been teaching school at Bodega for the past year.

Bright Street is keeping books for a lumber firm at Fort Bragg.

Mrs. Rodney Allen, nee Rena Bonham, is residing at Riverside, Calif.

Marguerite Jewell has recently accepted a position in the Analy Savings Bank, Sebastopol.

Logan Smith is residing at Graton.

Class of '11

Ernest Hansen is attending the University of the Pacific at San Jose.

Ray Johnson is teaching the Green Valley school.

Harold Wiggins has been attending the University of the Pacific for the past year.

Evelyn Sweetnam graduates from the San Jose Normal this year.

Adelia Payne, now residing in Santa Rosa, is interested in a night school there.

Ida Hallberg has a position in Graton.

Bernard Wilke is completing a commercial course in one of the commercial schools in the city.

Paul Woolsey is tuning pianos.

Blanche Garrison, nee Moran, residing in Marysville, is expected here on a visit soon, accompanied by her baby daughter.

Class of '12

Maude Barlow is attending the University of California.

The San Jose Normal claims more than its share of this class. The following are attending there now: Ruth Meeker, Mamie Miller, Gussie Wedehase, Alma Swain, Emma Street, Florence Maddocks, Adele Williams, Rose Lowary, Helen Thor and Tom Street.

Hilmer Oehlmann is attending the State University.

Iva Bryan was married last winter to Gent Brakes, and is residing in Sebastopol.

Lew Johnson, who is attending McMean's Normal school of Santa Rosa, was recently married.

Howard Clayton is residing on his father's ranch.

Marie Simpson is attending the University of California.

Joe Williamson has completed a post-graduate course at Analy.

John Donnely is working in Sebastopol.



The Richmond Rodeo, Richmond, May, 1913: You are one of our cleverest exchanges. Your cuts and headings are unique and your literary departments full of life.

The Liberty Bell, Brentwood, May, 1913: You have some mighty good stories, but don't you think it would be an improvement to have them altogether. Your cover design is splendid.

The Sotoyoman, Healdsburg, Feb. 1913—Your literary department is especially good and your headings unique. A better grade of paper would be an improvement.

Dictum Est, Red Bluff, Dec., 1912—You represent a wide awake school. Why not have more cuts?

The Echo, Lincoln, June, 1912—Your departments are all good, and well arranged. Your Latin students are clever poets as well.

The Golden Bear, Sonoma, June, 1912, has exceptionally good stories. Don't overlook this talent, but have a few more of the same kind. Original cuts would make a more attractive paper.

The several numbers of **The Pacific Weekly**, San Jose, we have read with interest and enjoyed very much. You are always welcome.

The Wild Cat, Los Gatos, Feb. 1913, is noteworthy for its neatness in appearance. Your stories are fine, especially "The Little Green Lizard."

El Susurro, Monterey, June, 1912, we found very interesting. Your three new departments of Home Economics, Manual Training, and Biology, and will surely be an addition to your school.

We hope you will all be with us next year at the publication of **The Azalea**, as the exchange department is one of the best modes of keeping up the interest between the school.

Hall of Fame

Limericks and lyricks concerning ye class presidents, ye editor, ye track team, and ye faculty, all very famous persons, places and events dating back to the year of their birth:

Ye Senior President—

Little Miss Hair, had begun to despair
Of stifling her giggle, they say,
But along came a teacher with a sermon to preach'er,
And frightened that giggle away.

Ye Junior President—

Mr. Jack D. was pursued by a bee,
And muchly tormented was he;
So he said, "Oh, good-bye," and left on the fly;
And the girl said, "O! what hath struck thee?"

Ye Sophomore President—

L. Barlow would a wooing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no.
Not that we know she even objected,
But we wonder sometimes if she ever suspected.

Ye Freshman President—

Miss Carol Wright drew a picture one night,
To give to the staff for the paper,
But when she was through,
In the water it flew,
Now what about that for a caper?

Ye Editor—

Niter, Niter, Punken Piter,
Was often bit by a mosquiter,
For he seemed to find her sweeter,
Every time he tried to eat'er.

Ye Track Team—

Track team ! Track team !
You took our funds to pay your duns,
But you were beat,
And the funds were eat,
So you went crying from the meet.

Ye Faculty—

There was a poor faculty, who taught in a school.
There were so many "cuts" they made a new rule.
They give you a card, without any smile,
They give you a lecture that lasts a long while.

Senior Class Meeting

THE seniors had a class meeting the other day to decide what they should do on class day. The president called the meeting to order. Three of the members present, the teacher in charge, the president and a post-graduate, who had strayed in discussed the matter earnestly. The secretary faithfully took notes on the opinions of the other members, with the following results:

"Class day ? Yes, awfully interesting ; but say kid—"

"Sure grown six inches since—"

"He chased up the price and—"

"Had all my problems done and it was—"

"Five minutes to nine ! Why I—"

"Gave her all my algebra and she hasn't—"

"Her picture ? No, that's his mother, she—"

"Studied until twelve o'clock last night and I wasn't called—"

"Who, sis ? Hatefulest thing, she—"

"Lost all my carfare, had to walk six—"

"Balls ! That kid ought to have his neck broken. He broke—"

"My nose ! Right on the end ! Yes, the baseball hit—"

"That kid ? He's the swellest thing—"

"Wasn't late for two days. You see—"

"He swallowed his gum. It made him awfully sick."

"Yes, up in the chemistry lab. dandiest little gas jets—"

"But lots of people go on Sunday."

"Danced every dance. What's that ?"

"Only don't tell a soul, because he told her not to tell me, and she told me not—"

"What's she saying ? Meeting come to order ?"

"Well I'd like to know who's been talking !"

"What, the bell already ? I do think they might give us a little time. They might know we can't do every thing—"

"Adjourned !! Now, what's she mad about ? I didn't hear anybody talking, did you kid ?"

"Well, anyhow, we have everything decided but the program and class exercises, and what we'll give the school."

Alphabet for Freshmen

Ask not foolish questions in class in order to detract the attention of thy teacher from thy ignorance.
Beware of the Seniors. They dislike children.
Come not to the reference table of the upper classmen.
Do not hang about the upper classmen. It is annoying.
Eat not thy peanuts without offering Mr. Williamson some.
Forget not thy manners toward Seniors.
Go not out late at night lest thou sleep in class on the morrow.
Have reverence for the bust of Shakespeare.
In study hall thou must not talk; nay more, thou must not write notes.
Juniors are thy friends in time of trouble. Never trust the Sophomores.
Keep thy feet out of aisle lest thou trip someone.
Leave not thy waste paper on the floor. Mr. Williamson objects.
Move not thy feet when thy neighbor walks across the floor.
Never enter the assembly hall during spelling period.
On school days be not late lest thy professor be wroth with thee.
Pick all paper from the lawn whenever necessary.
Question not thy teacher as to examinations. They come often enough.
Remain not after school lest thou be counted a "dig."
Swiping pens and pencils is prohibited.
Take no books from the tables. Thy teachers do not like it.
Unbrushed hair is disgraceful.
Vaunt not thy prowess in the grades. Quick will be thy fall.
Watch and imitate the upper classmen to learn rules of conduct.
X's are meant to be taken, not cut.
Zeal in helping the editor is greatly to be desired.

Information Bureau

No, Alfred, your lily-white skin does not necessarily denote a delicate constitution. Leave off powdering, and go out in the noon-day sun.

Jack—No, I do not think peroxide applied to your hair would cause it to become brown. But red hair is no disgrace. Many beautiful and useful things are red; such as labels on soda bottles and bandana handkerchiefs.

Orpah—Yes, we know you are troubled with freckles. Carbolic acid would undoubtedly remove them, but why not try some simple method of painting each one white, or a variety of colors might be used, thus giving the Bulgarian effect now so much in vogue.

Carmen—A steady diet of water certainly ought to reduce your weight, and give you the desired slenderness.

Mr. Perigo—Yes, hanging from bridge beams is doubtless very good exercise for developing the biceps, but this department does not deal with physical culture.

Dorothy—We know you prefer brunettes, but we should not advise you to try and change your coloring. The best method we know of to get a brunette complexion for your own, is to pick out one that suits you. Wait until next leap year and then tell him about it.

Arthur—Yes, absent mindedness is some times considered a sign of insanity, but in your case, in which it consists mainly of forgetting to write up history papers, we think it consists mostly of duplicity. Not that we blame you, Skeet, but we can't see what it has to do with reducing the size of your feet. Try wearing shoes two sizes smaller.

Mrs. Pulcifer—Yes, skating on the Assembly hall floor after it has been oiled is very good exercise, but we consider wading more healthful.

Lawrence S.—Certainly it is the proper thing to keep your trousers pressed and your shoes blacked. A bottle of shoe blacking and a hot iron are the proper tools for accomplishing this. No, it is no longer considered good form to have your shoe strings flapping. They should be tied in trim little bows. It is perfectly correct to comb your hair before coming to school.

Mabel B.—It is considered bad form to get your dates mixed either in history or English.

Ivy—Yes, it is very good form to study your history before going to class. No, ignorance is not always bliss, especially during a history test.

Uncertain Freshie—Yes, it is considered the proper thing to hand over such of your papers to the upper classmen as they may need. Certainly you should address them as Sir and Madam.

Theo—We are sorry you are troubled with baldness, as it is rather passe this season. Try sticking flypaper over the bald spot, and perhaps it will catch any stray hairs that might otherwise escape, and hold them securely to the head.

Anita—We consider it very bad form to come into the Assembly hall late during Mr. Harford's study period.

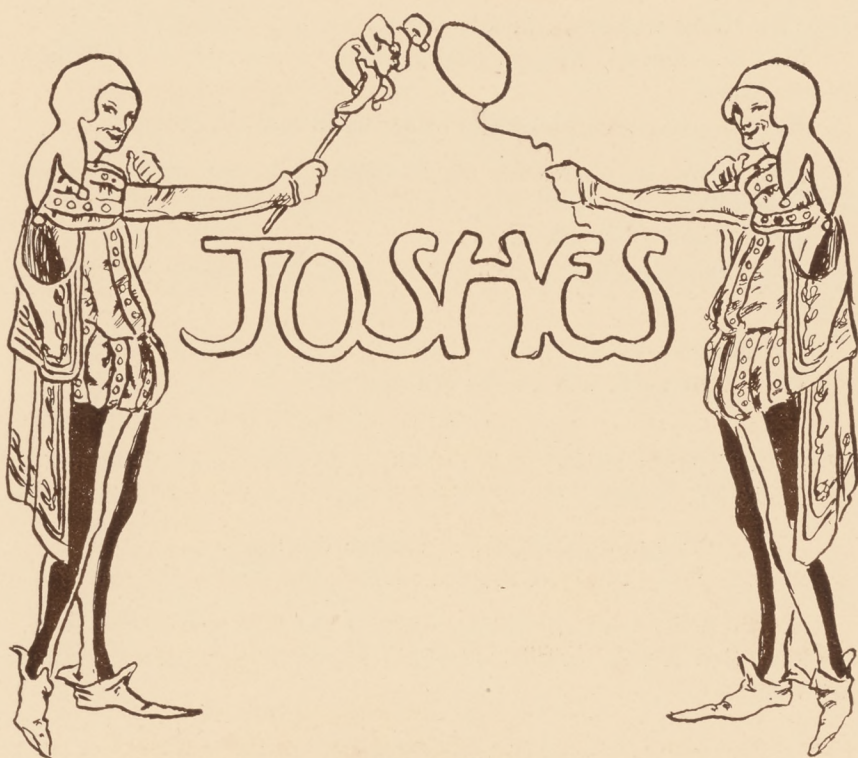
Charles—No rag-time is not considered the correct form of music for a funeral, even though it be your tailor's.

Marie M.—No, it is not considered proper for Freshmen to slide down the stair rails or dance on the reference tables.

Anonymous—No, we hardly think it would be good form to draw crayons of Mr. Perigo and leave them lying around where he might find them.

Carol—Yes, Napa would make a delightful home for the Freshmen. The beauty of it is that you would have them permanently located.





On Patron's Day

Mr. Perigo (nervously)—Now, here is a good drawing; very good effect you see; water in action. (No response from visitor.)

Mr. Perigo (growing desperate)—Very good contrasts, you see; very good action.

Giggling Student—Oh-h-h, Mr. Perigo, you—you're holding it upside down.

Mr. Perigo (in great confusion)—Well, well, never mind. It's a good picture just the same.

Why ?

Leland Barlow (at Moran's Lake, on coming upon Mrs. Pulcifer unexpectedly)—Didn't you see that sign outside? It said, "Private property. No dogs allowed."

Mrs. Pulcifer—Well, why did you come in then ?

Overheard

S. S.—Say, do you know, you can't expect kisses from me.

Jesse W.—Why can't I ?

Dorothy M. (dictating in a lordly manner)—This is iambic pentameter because it has no rythm.

This thing wandered in all by itself:

Mr. W.—Russel, did you hear that boy swear when I told him to go away?

Russel—No. Tell him to go away again and I'll listen.

Wise Senior—When does the President take the oath of office, Mr. Perigo?

Mr. Perigo—The 4th of March.

Wise Senior—Four months from then the banks will all be closed.

Mr. Perigo—What! How's that?

Wise Senior—It will be the 4th of July!

And this is Latin IV

Ruth H. (translating)—He was decked with carved elephants.

Lucile W. (ditto)—He washed his face with a flood of tears.

The moth always flies toward the light.

Dee's red head is light enough, but who is the moth?

N. B.—A duck waddled into Analy at the fore part of the term. We hope that it will waddle out again at the close without further disturbance.

Chemistry—Klatsch

Ruth H.—Boyle experimented with the temperature and found that it was six or seven miles high.

Miss H.—What is a reverberatory furnace?

Theo T.—Copper.

Bertram—Dy(e)ing has been practiced since the earliest ages, but it is much more prevalent now, because so many more methods have been discovered.

Miss H.—Grace, give the medical uses of calcium hydroxide.

Grace S.—It is used in preparing hides, taking off the hair, you know."

A little sulphuric acid,
Mixed with scrap of zinc,
Heated in a test tube
Makes an awful odor.—Ex.

Miss Gregory—Gertrude, what was the topic of yesterday's English?

Gertrude—Internal improvements.

Mrs. Pulcifer (numbering the history class)—Grace, are you twelve ?

Grace—No, I'm only eleven.

Miss Cromwell—Ralph, what's the matter with Gertrude ? Is she sick again ?

Ralph—No, she went to Napa Thursday and hasn't returned yet.

Smity—People seem to consider this the most unhealthy month of the year."

Soph.—Why ?

S.—Well, last night I was invited out to supper, and they put a handkerchief at everybody's plate.

Walter Kerr (returning book to Miss Gregory)—Here's a book with your name in it, which I found in my auto. I dunno how it got there !

Miss G.—Thank you ! I think I lent it to Grace Libby.

Ivy—Who was the ancient Greek philosopher that said, "Know Thy Self."

Nita—Emerson.

Greeners, greeners, everywhere,
After all the grass did die,
Greeners, greeners everywhere,
Freshies were passing by.

Heard in Chemistry

Ruth (singing—Dee, Dee, Dee, Dee.

Dee (coming up)—What is it ?

Ruth—Oh, dear !"

Tinker—Does your typewriter need repairs ?

Mr. Harford—It would seem so. She went to consult the dentist.

Dorothy—Have you got your history yet ?

Ivy—No, Jack hasn't come yet.

Mrs. Pulcifer—What's the matter with you lately, Vernon ?

Kent—Oh ! I don't know. My mother says its my liver."

Joe, (talking)—Don't get blue, Grace. Think of Jonah, he was down in the mouth, and came out all right.

Skeet—You're a liar !

Jack D.—You're another.

John B.—Calm yourself, boys. It is quite possible you are both right.

By slow degrees, by more and more,
We've gathered these jokes on English IV.

Lucile W. (defining a short poem)—It is a short poem that can be read in two hours.

Miss Cromwell—What made Milton so bitter in his old age?
Dee W.—He was a school teacher in a school for boys.

Irma S.—The Duke of ——— was the wife of the Duchess.

Nita (doing Spencearian stanza)—Let's see, horse and went don't have to rhyme in this, do they?

Miss C.—Tell me a quality of Burke's style, Carmen.

Carmen—He used one word right after another.

Miss C.—Bassanio borrowed 3,000 ducats to press his suit.

Thoughts from Their Exes

Addison was the most polished poet in the English language.

Milton, like Shakespeare, had no definite shape or form.

"Paradise Lost" was one of the most important prose writings of the Puritan age.

For Sale

First class vacuum, well tested, guaranteed to work perfectly in English hour. For full particulars inquire of Miss Cromwell.

Teacher (reading)—Where is your horse and how far is it taking you?

Frightened Freshie—It's under me, but it isn't carrying me, now.

Mrs. Pulcifer (who is having class read references on rivers)—Wayne, what does your reference say about ox-bows?

Wayne (faltering)—It says an ox-bow is—let me think—oh, yes; an ox-bow is a piece of a river the shape of an ox.

Latin is a dead language,
As dead as dead can be,
It killed the ancient Romans,
And now is killing me.

Harold M. (doing oral composition)—They found a baby boy on the desert, and they took him home and kept him, and he grew up to be a beautiful young lady named Barbara Worth.

Miss Gregory—I'm afraid this class is getting its dates mixed.

Mr. Perigo (History IV)—Braddock was killed in battle and died a few days later.

Miss Cromwell (dictating Com. Eng.)—Wanted a position as devil-entry bookkeeper.

Mr. Perigo (History III)—Davidson, what is Russia's most important seaport?

Jack—Moscow.

For Sale

Perfectly good poetry while you wait.

B. Bowers.

For Sale

Complete in 24 vols., by Miss Gregory—"Sarcasm"—how, when, where and why to be used.

Wanted

To know if every one in Texas is red headed.

To know who comes next.

To know why a certain Freshie blushes when any one talks Earnest(ly) to her.

To know the distinction between American History and woman's suffrage, divorce courts, Paris fashions, etc., etc.

To know why Ivy Burroughs, Carol Wright(s), Dee Winters, Asa Cooks, Harriet Fyfe(s).

To know the English interpretation of "Carmen."

To know if Una Doden is really "off."

Some one to write poetry.

E. H.

"William," said the teacher, "analyze the sentence 'Yucatan is a peninsula.'"

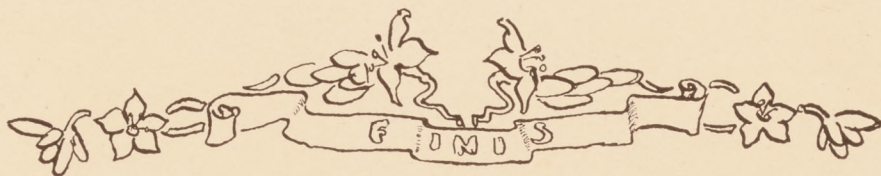
William, (who never could understand grammar anyway) cleared his throat nervously and began:

"Yucaton, noun, nom. case, second person plural"—

"Why, William!" exclaimed the teacher, "however do you get that?"

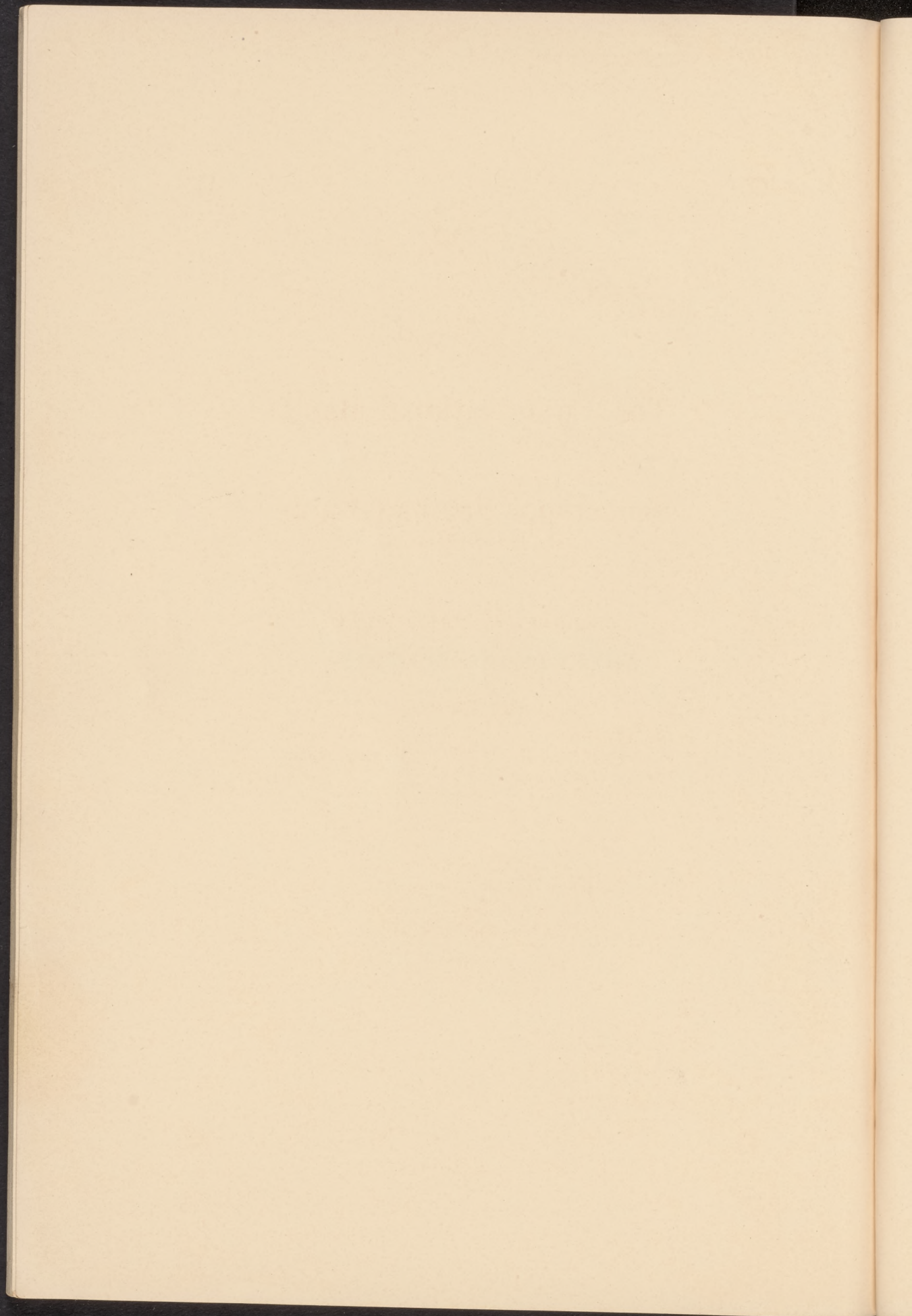
"Yes'm," William gulped and continued:

"First person, singular Icatan, second person Yucatan, third person Hecatan, plural first person wecatan, second per" But there the teacher fainted.



The Azalea wishes to thank all those business men who, by their kindly aid, did so much to make this publication of our High School paper possible.

ADVERTISING SECTION



The First National Bank
the
Sebastopol Savings Bank
(The Associated Banks)

COMBINED CAPITAL, \$125,000

OFFICERS

W. W. Monroe	President
Geo. P. McNear	Vice-President
W. M. Fitzsimmons	Cashier

DIRECTORS

Geo. P. McNear, John P. Overton, Chas. G. Martin,
Geo. D. Sanborn, Ben. F. Williams, Chas.
W. Woodworth, W. W. Monroe

TURN YOUR PAPER

SEBASTOPOL, CAL.
SHAVING PARLORS
Shelley's
to get Your Watch Fixed
A. E. SHELLEY
Go To

NOW YOU HAVE IT!

HOWELL & HICKS

Wholesale and Retail

BUTCHERS

Sebastopol, Cal.



You will continue to buy your

Drug Supplies

Where the Price and Quality are Right

GEORGE PEASE

The Prescription Store

SEBASTOPOL,

CAL.

Nell (doing original composition)—Far off in the wilds of Central Africa lived two Indians.

Miss Cromwell—But do Indians live in Africa?

Nell—Huh; oh I'm just making this up.

If a Freshman is fresh is a Sophomore?

Campau's Art Store



Picture Framing and Art Goods

MAIN STREET

SEBASTOPOL, CAL.

A Square Deal to Everybody

WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF GROCERIES, FEED AND
CROCKERY

The customers who have traded with us the longest and who know us and the quality of our goods the best are our Strongest Advertisement. Come to our store for Fair and Square Treatment in every way. To those who live in town, if you can not come, call Main 45 by 'phone.

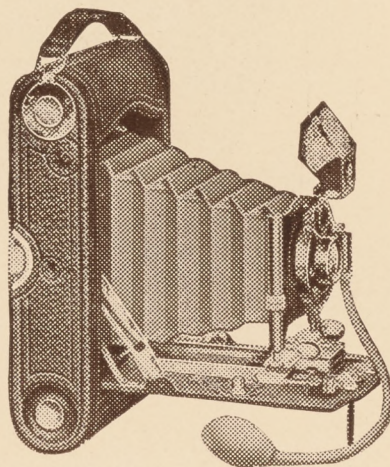
Your Goods will be Delivered Get the Habit of Dealing with
Stillings Grocery Company

Mary has a little horse
To whom her marks she owes.
So Mary takes the horse along
To every class she goes.

KODAKS : FRAMES : PICTURES

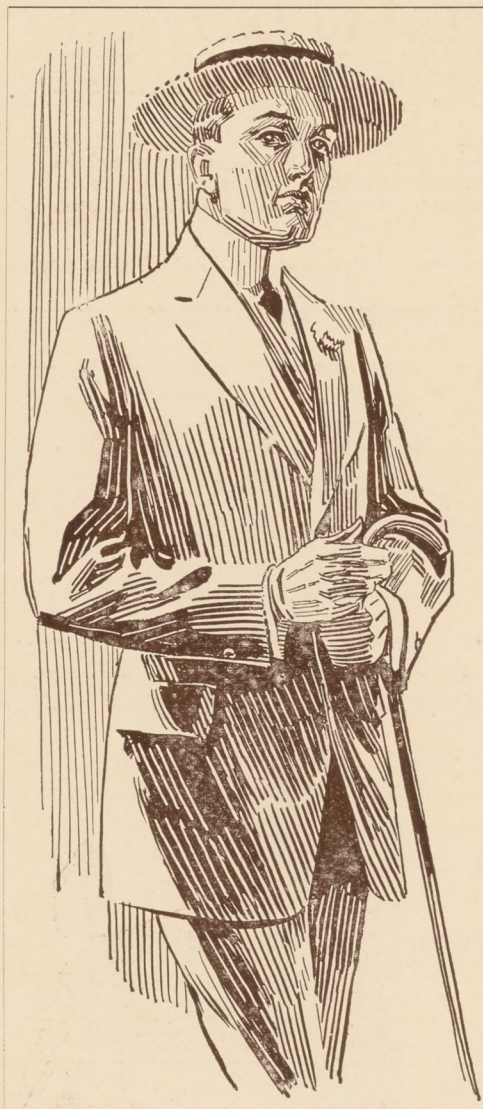
Magazines
Post Cards
Daily Papers

Athletic Goods
Toys



W. S. Borba,

THE STATIONER



We sell

**Adler's
Collegian
Clothes**

**More Style
and Wear
for
Less Money.**

**The Largest
Stock of
Clothing
in Sebastopol**

Chas. Burroughs Co., Inc.



Weeks Hardware Co.

Garden Tools and Implements

119 Santa Rosa Ave., :: Sebastopol, Cal.

Clench

THE SEBASTOPOL PHOTOGRAPHER

My work is first class and the
price less than others are charging
for the same class of work.

A Freshman

What a funny bug he are,
When he talk he almost growl,
When he laugh he almost howl,
Ain't got so much sense as —— by far.

SONOMA EXPRESS CO.

C. H. SHELLEY

DAILY EXPRESS BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO
AND SEBASTOPOL

Phone Main 74W

103 Bodega Ave.

Yours for a Square Deal in

Carpets, Furniture, Linoleum, etc.

SEBASTOPOL FURNITURE CO.

Opposite Electric Depot

SEBASTOPOL, CAL.



Something new in spelling—

R-e-d-m-o-n-d-'s C-a-n-d-i-e-s

Spells Quality.

THE ANALY MEAT MARKET

HICKS & BURNS

 All Kinds of Fresh Meats
Hams, Bacon and Lard 

First-class Turnouts at

Golden Rule Stables

A. I. SULLIVAN, Proprietor

Sebastopol, Cal.

It Is Usually the Case



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

THAT YOUNG MEN IN HIGH SCHOOLS ARE THE BEST DRESSERS OF ANY CITY AND WE THINK SEBASTOPOL IS NO EXCEPTION.

YOU FELLOWS WANT FINE CLOTHING—GOOD FIT, THE RIGHT STYLE, AND CLOTHES THAT LOOK WELL ON YOU.

HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX
MAKE THESE KINDS OF CLOTHES. WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF YOUNG MEN'S BUSINESS. OUR SERVICE IS FOR YOU.

B. D. LINDERMAN

The Home of Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY

DRS. TALBOT & TALBOT

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS

Hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m.

Sundays by Appointment

Phones:

Office 126W.

Residence 126J

Forsyth Building

SEBASTOPOL, CAL.

DR. CLARA M. PITT

DR. CHAS. S. PITT

DENTISTS

Pitt Building.

Main Street.

Phone 64

SEBASTOPOL, CAL.

PERRIER & LIBBY

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

NOTARIES

Analy Bank Building,

Phone 535

SEBASTOPOL, CAL.

John J. Keating, A. B., Ph. L., M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office equipped for X-Ray, Electric & Vibrating Treatment

Office hours 10 to 12 a. m.,
and 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

At home rest of the day.

Residence, "Erin Terrace."

Residence Phone 41J.

Office Phone 41W.

SEBASTOPOL, CAL.

J. B. BLACKSHAW, M. D.

Office Hours:

10 A. M. to 12 M.

2 to 4 and 7 to 8 P. M.

Phone 104

Office Kingsbury Building

SEBASTOPOL, CAL.

CHAS E. MUELLER

CIVIL ENGINEER AND
SURVEYOR

Room 1, Analy Bank Building

SEBASTOPOL, CAL.

W. J. KERR, M. D.

Office Hours:

10 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 4
and 7 to 9 P. M.

Telephone Main 29

Office and Residence

121 Bodega Avenue

SEBASTOPOL, CAL.

PAUL F. WOOLSEY

PIANO TUNER

Tuning, Voicing, Regulating and Repairing

BOX 146

SEBASTOPOL, CAL.

Miss Cromwell's Opinions

"No one has any brains."

"If they did have they wouldn't use them."

"Even the brightest of people aren't too smart."

Help Wanted

The canning season is now on and
we need more women and girls at
the cannery at once.

Central California Canneries

B. H. Barthold, Supt.

Sebastopol, Cal.

GAS ENGINES

ELECTRIC MOTORS

A. L. STROUT
IMPLEMENT HOUSE

117 BODEGA AVE.
SEBASTOPOL

BLUE BIRD PLOWS

FARM MACHINERY

IRRIGATION PLANTS

Phone Main 25

L. S. WATERBURY

BUTCHER

Wholesale and Retail

Santa Rosa Ave.

SEBASTOPOL, CAL.

If you want the best in Tea, Coffee
or Bakery Goods, always go to
Jackson's Bakery

Phone 74J

**THE SEBASTOPOL CLEANING AND
PRESSING WORKS**

Guarantees Satisfaction

Finnell Building.

115 Bodega Ave.

This book was printed by the Job Department
of the Sonoma County News.

The Sonoma County News

An independent, fearless and aggressive newspaper, having for its purpose the suppression of vice, the promotion of justice and the up-building of Sebastopol and Sonoma County. Become a subscriber at once and lend your support to this work. :: :: :: ::



The News' Job Department

is equipped for turning out the highest class of Society, Commercial and Book printing. Speed, efficiency and style are our watchwords. :: :: :: ::

“The Mission”

FORE & WATTERS, Props.

POOL, BILLIARDS, CIGARS and TOBACCOS

Fore-ghet-mee-knots

If Walter's Coal (Cole) is Paul Wood ?

If Miss Crom(well) ; why don't Mr. Peri-go ?

Happy—Say, do you know how to make a pickle insane?

Chappy—No.

Happy—Why, make a daffy-dill.

This space is paid for by a friend
of the pupils of Analv Union High
School.

Lumber and Building Material

We carry a full stock of Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Shakes, Posts, Cement, Sewer Pipe, Lime, Brick and Drain Tile.

We buy all grades of lumber and sell you the grade you order. We can make delivery on any dimension or quantity.

We will be pleased to quote on any amount. Give us a call.

HESS LUMBER COMPANY

Henry Hess, Manager

Phone Main 80

This we grabbed from the "Pelican." We suppose its a Freshman.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Relief ships blew their horns;
Alas, he could not move, because
The heat had popped his corns.



The Place to Buy

**High School Books
and Supplies**

Spauldings Sporting Goods

Dainty Stationery and
Choice Candies

Try Our

Ice Cream and Sodas---

The Best in Town Is at

T. R. WORTH, Ph. G.

Leading Druggist

Sebastopol,

--

--

--

California

E. F. O'LEARY

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
AND EMBALMER

Residence 308 S. Main St.
Phone 33W

Parlors

109 Bodega Avenue

Phone 27W

SEBASTOPOL, CAL.

**J. B. Crawford &
Son**

THE GROCERS

We Wonder !

Act 1—Scene I

Ralph K.—Putting his arm around her.

Mabel B.—Why, Ralph, do make your arm behave.

Act 1—Scene II

! ! ? ?

Are You a Judge of Values?


when it comes to matters which affect your future welfare? If so why not investigate our

Bank Account Plan

for protecting your income and accumulating more money? It is a practical, helpful and safe plan. Followed regularly and systematically, no matter how small your start, it will improve your chance for success. Come in and let us fully explain the plan to you. Whether or not you fully realize the importance the idea and plan is of value to every one who is without a banking connection. We shall appreciate the opportunity of fully explaining it to you.

Accounts can be opened with \$1 or more. 4 per cent interest paid.

THE ANALY SAVINGS BANK
Sebastopol, Cal.



Dr. J. H. Seager
Dentist

SEBASTOPOL. CAL.

WE stand for the advancement
of the Gold Ridge Section and
as a fruit growers' co-operative or-
ganization, solicit your support.
Our stockholders are the most pro-
gressive and wide-awake among the
growers.

Which are you?

Sebastopol Berry Growers

INCORPORATED

Remarkable

Mr. Perigo—What can you say of Paris soon after
it was founded ?

Warren—It was quite a lot smaller than it is now.

Miss Cromwell—Write a letter to Williamsport.

Amy E.—Beginning "W. Sport."

A WORD OF PRAISE

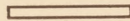
• • •

Praise to the "STUDENTS" of ANALY HIGH,
A word of cheer to the TEACHERS, too,
Success does follow all who try
And that's all any one can do.

Press on young man and maid,
Your life's work has just begun,
Let your plans be so well laid
That VICTORY may be won.

Wisdom is a mighty POWER
In this busy age and day;
But like the tender flower
May bloom and fade away.

Since this is a GROCER'S AD
And our aim is clearly seen,
For the BEST that can be had,
GO TO THE GRAVENSTEIN.



Gravenstein Cash Grocery

Phone Main 24

Clarence L. Barnum

**FINE CANDIES and
ICE CREAM**

Forestville,

California

Forestville

MEAT MARKET

W. L. CLARK, Prop.

All Kinds of Fresh and Cured

MEATS

Hams, Bacon, Etc.

FORESTVILLE,

CALIF.

A Dillon's Beach Clearance

Mrs. Pulcifer cleans the kitchen,
Louisa cleans the stairs,
Anna cleans the knives,
And Ivy cleans the chairs,
Dorothy cleans her hands and face,
As well as she is able,
But when it comes to dinner time,
Mr. W—— cleans the table.

UR NEXT

Anything in the line of Tonsorial Work

L. D. YEAGER

Forestville, California

WM. ROGERS & SON

**Choice Groceries and
General Merchandise**

MOLINO,

::

::

::

CALIFORNIA

W. L. BENEPE

GENERAL DRAYAGE
AND EXPRESS

Sebastopol,

Cal.

Office Phone 93W

Res. Phone 129W

F. F. AMES

Surveyor

Sebastopol, Cal.

T. B. GILLESPIE

Classiest Blacksmith and Horse-shoer
in Forestville

Latest Styles in Horse and Mule Shoes

True Harmeson, Treas. G. R. French, Pres. W. B. French, Sec.

Star Outfitters

Incorporated

SELL

FURNITURE :: STOVES :: CROCKERY
COMFORTS, BLANKETS, MATTRESSES

141 North Main St.,

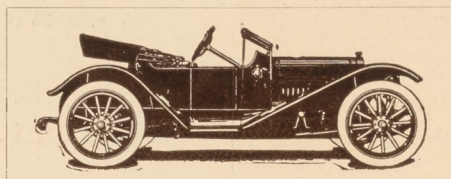
Sebastopol, Cal.

Sebastopol Coffee Club

"A GOOD PLACE TO EAT"

128 MAIN STREET

Shorten the miles by using an Automobile---



Come in and talk **FORD** with me and be glad---

C. C. OLIVER, Agent

Forestville, California

FORESTVILLE LIVERY STABLE

G. W. RUSSELL, Proprietor

FIRST-CLASS TURNOUTS

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Reasonable Rates

Board for Horses by day, week or month

RUSSELL'S AUTO STAGE

Leaves Forestville Electric Depot at 8 a. m. and 7:10 p. m.

Leaves Guerneville Daily at 5 p. m.

Mirabel, 25c; Litton, 25c; Cosmos, 50c; Hilton, 50c; Summer Home, 50c; Russian River Terrace, 50c; Guerneville, 75c.

RATES ON SPECIAL TRIPS

Picnic and Pleasure Parties of 4 to 25 to any Resort on Russian River as far Down as Guerneville Park.

PHONE AT MY EXPENSE

G. W. RUSSELL, - - - - FORESTVILLE

HALLET & GRAY

GENERAL MERCHANDISE :: FEED AND GRAIN

Phone 7F4

GRATON, CAL.

OSBORN & COMPANY

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Feed, Hay and Grain

Prices to suit everyone's purse

GRATON, - - - CALIFORNIA

SILK—SON & COMPANY

Successors to SILK BROS. & CO.

Dealers in

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Forestville



Insurance

Real Estate

WESLEY SILK, Agent,

Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal,
The Country Gentleman

Loy Burroughs
Flothy Maddux
Edna Ristan
Silver Strait
Margerate Patterson
Carmen Blessing
Minnie Wedge
Laverne Conert.
Laverne Coveit
Laverne Coveit
Mona Sweetman

